YANK

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By the men . . . for the men in the service

PIPE SWAPPING IN BURMA

Report on Two Ex-GIs Now Back in Civilian Life

PAGES 2, 3 & 4

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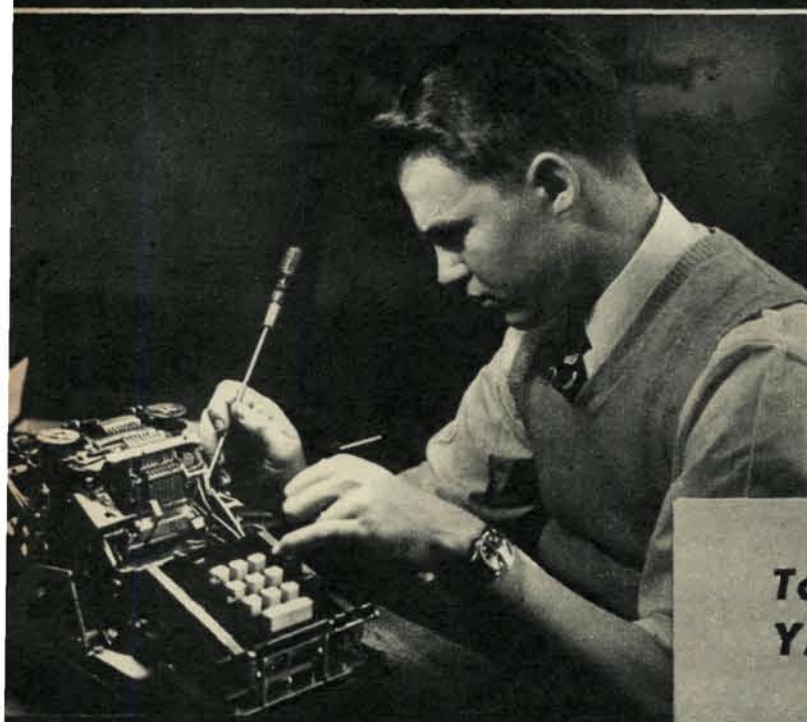
In front of the boarding house in which they share an upstairs room, Bill Williams says good-bye to his wife before going to work.

Williams helps his wife with her chair as they sit down to a boarding-house breakfast.



Bill is learning to service office machines. Here he practices on an adding machine having 2,700 parts.

To find out what happens after you're discharged YANK visits two ex-overseas GIs and reports their adjustment to life in their old neighborhoods.

England to Richmond, Va.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Writer

RICHMOND, VA.—William J. Williams was in the Army four years, two months and 17 days. He knows the exact number of days. "I'll never forget 'em, I know that."

Husky, good-looking and just 22, Williams gets his share of embarrassing stares on streetcars and busses from people who wonder why he isn't in service. He was picked out with a case of arrested tuberculosis during a routine physical check-up in England and after a year's observation got a medical discharge last December. He spent a year in England as a corporal, chauffeuring the staff at 29th Division Headquarters. Five air raids were all the action he saw.

Life back in Richmond has given him a few surprises. One was the wage scale in the war plants. It was much lower than he'd expected after all the talk about $100-a-week war workers. In order to get started in a line he'd like after the war, Bill passed up defense work and took a job that pays only $107 a month.

The former two-striper went to work for the Underwood Elliott Fisher Company as an apprentice in the firm's store on Main Street, a few blocks from the State Capitol. A beginner usually gets only $76 a month, but, as one of several benefits to veterans, the company counted Bill's Army service as "experience in the mechanical line," and that was good for the extra $31. His job is sort of white-collar work, selling and servicing adding and accounting machines and office gear. The company is teaching Bill on its time and probably will give him a six-week "post-graduate course" at its plant in Hartford, Conn.

Both Williams and the company are pleased with the arrangement. The firm, like many other outfits, is eager to hire veterans because the manpower regulations in labor-short areas like Richmond permit business houses to hire veterans over and above their employee ceilings. That probably explains why five other GIs work with Williams in the small store.

For his part, Bill likes the work because he has always had a mechanical bent. "The first time I took a carbine apart, I put it together again blindfolded," he says. There is always something new to learn in this work, he finds. One type of adding machine, for instance, has 2,700 parts.

The only job Bill held before the war was driving an oyster truck for Richmond restaurants to and from the Chesapeake Bay beds. He quit South Richmond's Bainbridge Junior High School to take the truck-driving job, but he didn't like it.

Bill finds it takes almost every cent of his pay to make ends meet. A room and two meals a day for him and his wife in a boarding house cost $90 a month in wartime Richmond. Mrs. Williams is keeping her job as a telephone operator at the Medical College of Virginia. It pays $75 a month plus lunch. That leaves one meal a day for Bill, carfare, clothing and dental expenses to come out of the $92 left from their joint salaries after the boarding-house bill is paid. As for dental costs, Mrs. Williams needs fillings right now, and Bill has to get replacements for the eight teeth the Army took out.

Bill's GI overcoat helped some in meeting clothing demands. For $4.50, Young's Cleaners on Church Hill dyed it Navy blue, changed the buttons and removed the straps. It is quite a stylish garment now, and you wouldn't recognize it as government issue. The ex-corporal had nothing left from his pre-service wardrobe, which he donated to Russia War Relief at induction. It was just as well, for he had gone in the Army a 135-pounder and came out weighing 175. So all he had to start on was the overcoat and some GI socks and OD underwear.

He found wartime clothing prices sky high. It took his first two discharge checks of $100 each to get him enough clothing so he wouldn't have to use Army clothes. He bought three suits, another overcoat, eight shirts, three hats, eight neckties, two sweaters and a couple of pairs of socks. Shopping was not entirely a pleasant experience. Some items, particularly shirts, were hard to get in just the styles he wanted. "There's a war on," sales people would snap when he described just what he was looking for.

IN general, Williams thinks Richmondites impolite as compared with the way they were before the war. Clerks seem indifferent or huffy, streetcar conductors quick-tempered. He finds that even young women have been affected by this apparent decline in Southern manners. "Before, on dates, the girls expected more in manners from the men," he says. "Before, they were more or less homey girls, more understanding."

Bill attributes this change in the girls to the fact that Richmond is so close to many Army and Navy installations—Camps Lee, Pickett, Patrick Henry and Perry (for Seabees), Forts Eustis and Belvoir, Langley Field and the Newport News Navy Yard. The girls have been spoiled, he feels. "They're a little hifalutin'," he says, "a little particular. They more or less act like they're dreaming—not down to earth. They more or less act a little up in the air. They're a little more carefree in their actions and manners. They smoke a lot more than they used to. There are so many men around here from the camps they can get their choice of the better-looking men with the most money and the better personalities."

The fact that he was no longer in uniform might have had something to do with the frosti-

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ness Williams observed when he first got back. "You're a hero while the uniform is still on," says former Pfc. William J. Hoelzel, another discharged Richmond GI. "But as soon as it's off, you're a broken-down civilian." Hoelzel was wounded on Guadalcanal with the Americal Division. "We called it the Miracle Division," he recalls. "A miracle if we ever got back."

Whatever the manners of other girls, however, Williams has no kick about his wife, because she at least still has the same high standards of etiquette she had before the war. She expects Bill to open the door for her when they go out in a car, to help her with her wrap and chair when they go to a restaurant, to remove his hat when they're inside anywhere and to give his seat to ladies on streetcars instead of taking the "to-hell-with-the-women" attitude of some men.

Williams married soon after he came home. His wife, the former Anne Elizabeth Dearhart, was only 15 when he left, but she kept her promise to write him every night and to wait for him. Although she is 19 now, she didn't change at all, he says earnestly. "She just grew up a little bigger, that's all."

The Williamses have no intention of leaving Richmond, though Bill now sees flaws in Virginia's capital city that he had never noticed before. For instance, the factories seem to be blanketing the town in dingy soft-coal soot, he complains. He can't help making comparisons between Richmond and places he saw on his military travels. Bournemouth, England, for example. He spent a seven-day furlough there. For prettiness and cleanliness, he says, he must hand it to Bournemouth over Richmond.

Italy to Chicago, Ill.

CHICAGO—Pfc. Ray Latal is back in his old Czech-Polish neighborhood on Chicago's West Side. About a year ago he was wounded by shrapnel in half a dozen places in both legs and in the left shoulder during the crossing of the Rapido River in Italy. He drew a CDD after seven months in the hospital.

"Legs," as the lanky veteran is known in his section, is okay now to all appearances, but he has a silver plug in the shoulder to keep the marrow in one of the shattered bones from drying out. His legs tire if he stands too long and, although he is only 21, he can predict changes in the weather from the aches in his bones.

"They tell me I talk a lot in my sleep," Legs says. "And I still get excited when I hear an airplane." But he no longer jumps up nervously, as he did at first, when a plane comes in for a landing on the nearby Chicago Municipal Airport.

After 28 months of service, mostly as a rifleman in the 36th Division, Legs received his discharge late in 1944. He did not go back to his old job of running a drill press in the small machine shop of the Wittek Manufacturing Company, though the people there offered it to him. He went instead to the huge Dodge war plant in South Chicago, where wages are twice as high. At Dodge Chicago, as they call the mile-square plant, Latal makes $62 a week minus $10 in taxes. He operates a turret lathe, cutting sleeves for the oil system of B-29 engine propeller shafts.

Unmarried, he lives at home with his parents and his sister Violet in a four-room basement apartment in a two-story red-brick house on Kedzie Avenue. To those who have not been away, the neighborhood seems the same as ever. Kaplan's dry-goods store has the familiar sales signs, and Homan's Theater still proclaims on its marquee that ladies get dishes plus two big features on Wednesdays and Thursdays. But for Legs it has been almost a matter of adjusting to a strange environment. Take the West End Bowling Alley.

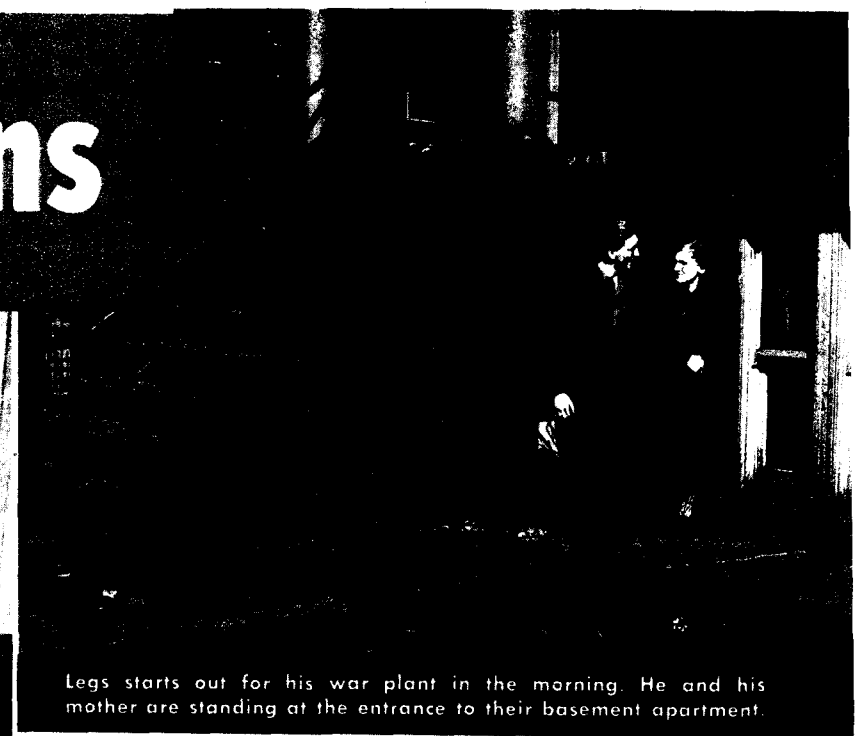
Legs still bowls as he did before he went into the Army, and he is pleased to discover that something, possibly the marksmanship training, has boosted his score from 165 to 181. But the bowling alley seems much less fun to him now than it was. "There's a different class of people up there," Latal complains. "What we used to call 'little kids.' They're grown up now—17 and 18." The alleys swarm with women, Legs remarks, and he has to shake his head sometimes when he hears the girl bowlers scream for a strike, and scream again for a near-miss.

The Tytans, an all-sports team of local youngsters with whom Legs used to bowl at West End and play baseball in the parks, are scattered now to the four corners of the earth. Once in a while, however, Legs gets together with other stray Tytans who have also come back, such as William Navarital, who was discharged from the Marines for heart murmur, and Ted Juzynski, whose feet froze on Attu. They were privates.

The rest of the bunch are away, and some will not be back. Ray Sefcik, second-baseman for the Tytans, was killed near Aachen. He was a buck sergeant. Pvt. George (Beaner) Root, Tytan shortstop, has a cluster for his Purple Heart, after being wounded in Italy and in France. He is still overseas. Pfc. Andrew (Sausage) Sosko, Tytan catcher, is in New Guinea, but is all right according to the latest word received at Jim's candy store, the traditional Tytan meeting place. Legs, recalling that Sosko was also known as "Mr. Craps," points out that nobody rolls dice any

Two New Civilians

Ray (Legs) Latal sits on the parlor couch between his mother and his sister Violet. As



Legs starts out for his war plant in the morning. He and his mother are standing at the entrance to their basement apartment.

Legs working at his turret lathe in the Dodge plant. His machine

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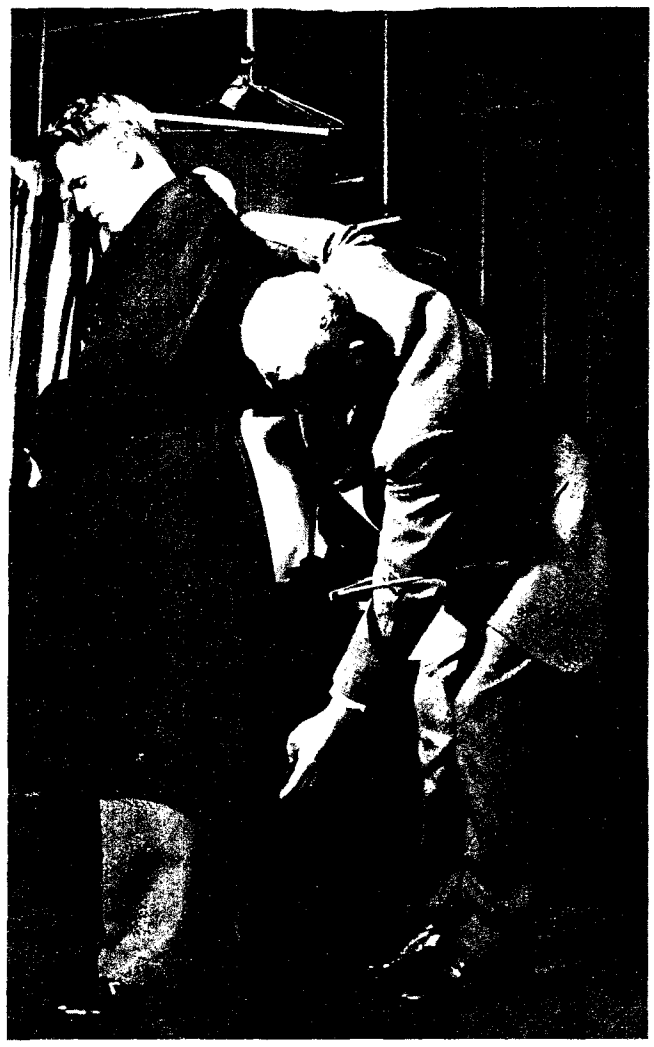


Ex-Cpl. Bill Williams has his GI overcoat fixed up for civilian wear. The cleaners dyed it Navy blue.

more under the crap-shooting tree by the main doors of Cyrus McCormick Grammar School, across the street from Jim's candy store.

Jim's is still on Legs' list of stopping points at night, but going there only makes him more lonesome. In many ways the place is unaltered. The hot-blast stove is still there. The glass case is full of penny and nickel candies, although odd new kinds like "P-38 Bubble Gum" have replaced many of the known brands as a result of various confectionery shortages. The shelves are still piled high with notebooks, Hedy Lamarr looseleaf paper, cheap fountain pens and greeting cards for all occasions. The biggest physical change was the disappearance of the two-cents-a-record juke box on which Legs used to play "Elmer's Tune." The company that owns the machines moved them all to Cicero when Chicago put a $50 license charge on juke boxes.

It's Jim's changed clientele that bothers Legs. The store's service honor roll of patrons lists 100 names, and nowadays the names heard around the place are those of the same younger element that has taken over the West Side Bowling Alley. The scarred wooden card table on which the Tytans used to deal the pasteboards has been shoved from the center of the room to a corner. The younger generation irreverently uses the table as an extra bench.

Home, of course, is much different to Legs now that his two brothers are away. Walter is a T-5 in the 3630th QM Truck Company in Belgium and Ernest is a pfc in Battery D of the 868th Antiaircraft Artillery in the Marianas.

Legs found his day bed gone from the living room when he came home. With the three boys away Mrs. Latal bought the parlor set she wanted and fixed up the front room properly. Legs sleeps in his brothers' room now. The parlor looks different to Legs because of the three "Mother" and "Sister" pillow cases that he and his brothers sent home from the respective PXs of Forts Belvoir and Custer and Camp Haan. Mrs. Latal received six such pillow cases in all, counting those to "Grandmother" from her second generation of descendants, but she ran out of pillows to cover.

Legs has an odd feeling each day as he walks up Kedzie Avenue. In the vacant lot next door he passes the block honor roll listing the 39 who went into service from his rectangle of houses. His name is still on it. There is a blue star for wounds beside his name and those of Joseph C. Stadnik and Stanley C. Hradec.

In the front window as he turns to go down the three steps into the house, Legs sees the three stars on his mother's service flag. Legs' sister Violet contends that Legs' service star should stay up until some sort of discharge banner is developed for window display.

In paying as much attention as he does to the little changes at home and in the neighborhood, Legs knows he is not exceptional among returning veterans. Men like former T/Sgt. Leroy Huber, who lives a few blocks from Legs, say they have had the same reaction. Huber was astonished when he had his first look at the corner of Wabansia and Bosworth where his local sports team, the King Coles, had hung out.

"For a minute there," said Huber, "it looked like I was on the wrong street. Nering's, the grocery store that was near the corner, sold out and wasn't there any more. The building was torn down. King Cole's tavern had a different coat of paint, a green color. Before, I think it was white. The name of Tobacci's tavern was changed to Braumeister's. They even took the old mailbox off the corner. You have to walk two more blocks now to mail a letter—to North and Ashland. No one had told me anything at all."

Huber, by the way, says that the huddled gray houses of his part of northwest Chicago never seemed so "cooped together" as they do now that he has come from two years of outdoor living. He is taking welding at Greer's, a trade school, and plans to start a farm in Missouri after the war boom dies down. A native Chicagoan, he intends to hire out for a while on some one else's acres to learn the ropes. He figures the welding knowledge will enable him to repair his own gear. The Government is paying his expenses at Greer's under the education provisions of the GI Bill of Rights.

In working at Dodge Chicago one of Legs Latal's first difficulties was to get accustomed to the thousands of women working in the factory with him. They wear slacks and turbans and many use a terrific kind of lipstick and nail polish known as pink lightning. There is a severe shortage of eligible males, but Legs notices that the girls are a bit unenthusiastic about CDD men, as if the women were worrying about what caused the man's discharge.

Latal has been an absentee from his war job a total of 3½ days so far in his first month's work. Aches from his wounds kept him home. Some other ex-GIs at the plant have better records, some worse. Ex-Pfc. Joe Brenner, who received a CDD for malaria and arthritis developed while he was in combat with the Americal Division on Guadalcanal, is among those with a stronger record. Brenner is hot on the subject of getting the B-29s into the air, and his face flushes when he talks about how the men on his line went on strike once because the management would not provide stools for them to sit on at lunchtime.

On the other hand, there's another Americal pfc a few aisles over from Legs' lathe who hasn't done so well. He trims bushings inside B-29 engine motorheads. Some weeks his machine is idle 40 percent of the time. He says that because of wounds from Guadalcanal and Bougainville he often has to stay home from work. The same goes for his brother, who has had 18 attacks of malaria since he was a corporal in the South Pacific. It seems to work out like taking turns—on days when one is sick, the other is well and working.

The absenteeing former pfc admits that some mornings hangovers have also influenced his decision to stay home. Calvert's and coke looks mighty attractive to him, he says, after some of the stuff that substituted for liquor on Guadalcanal. He particularly mentions "torpedo juice"—alcohol drained from the submarine tin fish and cooked up with glycerine, sugar and three-parts water.

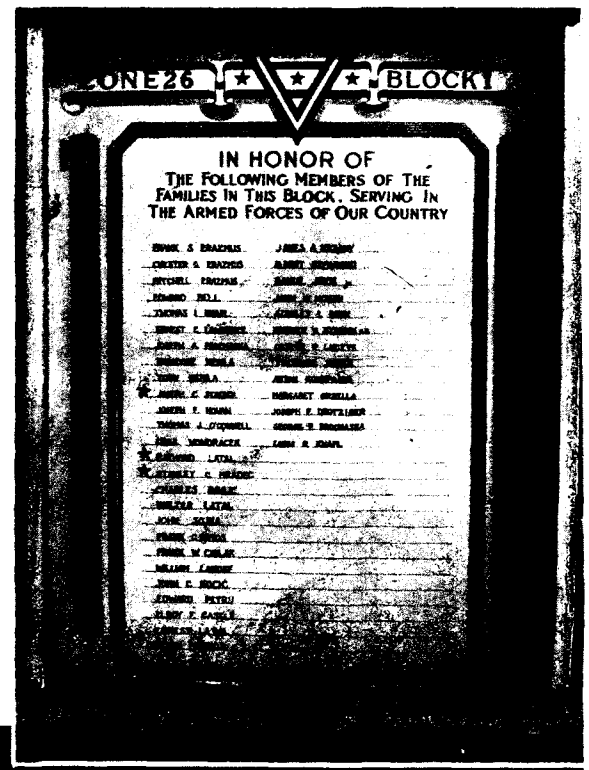
Legs scarcely touched a drop before he went into the Army, but now he likes a couple of beers, or even six or seven on occasion. Before he was inducted he was not inside Buck's Tavern (now Kedzie's Cafe), the corner bar, more than three or four times. He drops in there several times a week now. "My mother still wonders why I go to the tavern," Legs says.

Latal did not go out with girls much when the Tytans were functioning. He calls on one now but does not like to say much on the subject.

Legs hears that the B-29-engine lines will be turned over to automobile manufacturing after the war, so he considers himself all set so far as a permanent job is concerned. Even so, Latal feels that he is marking time.

"Nobody's around, there's nothing to do—I believe I'd rather be back in the Army," he says moodily sometimes. Other times, as he studies the small fry at Jim's and the women at the bowling alley, he thinks of the Tytans and predicts that "things'll get back in shape when they get back." When he says that, though, his tone is more hopeful than confident.

Latal's name is listed on the honor roll that stands in his block, with a blue star for being wounded.



Legs Latal at a cafe with two other ex-GIs who work with him: Lloyd DeGrane (left), Joe Brenner (right).

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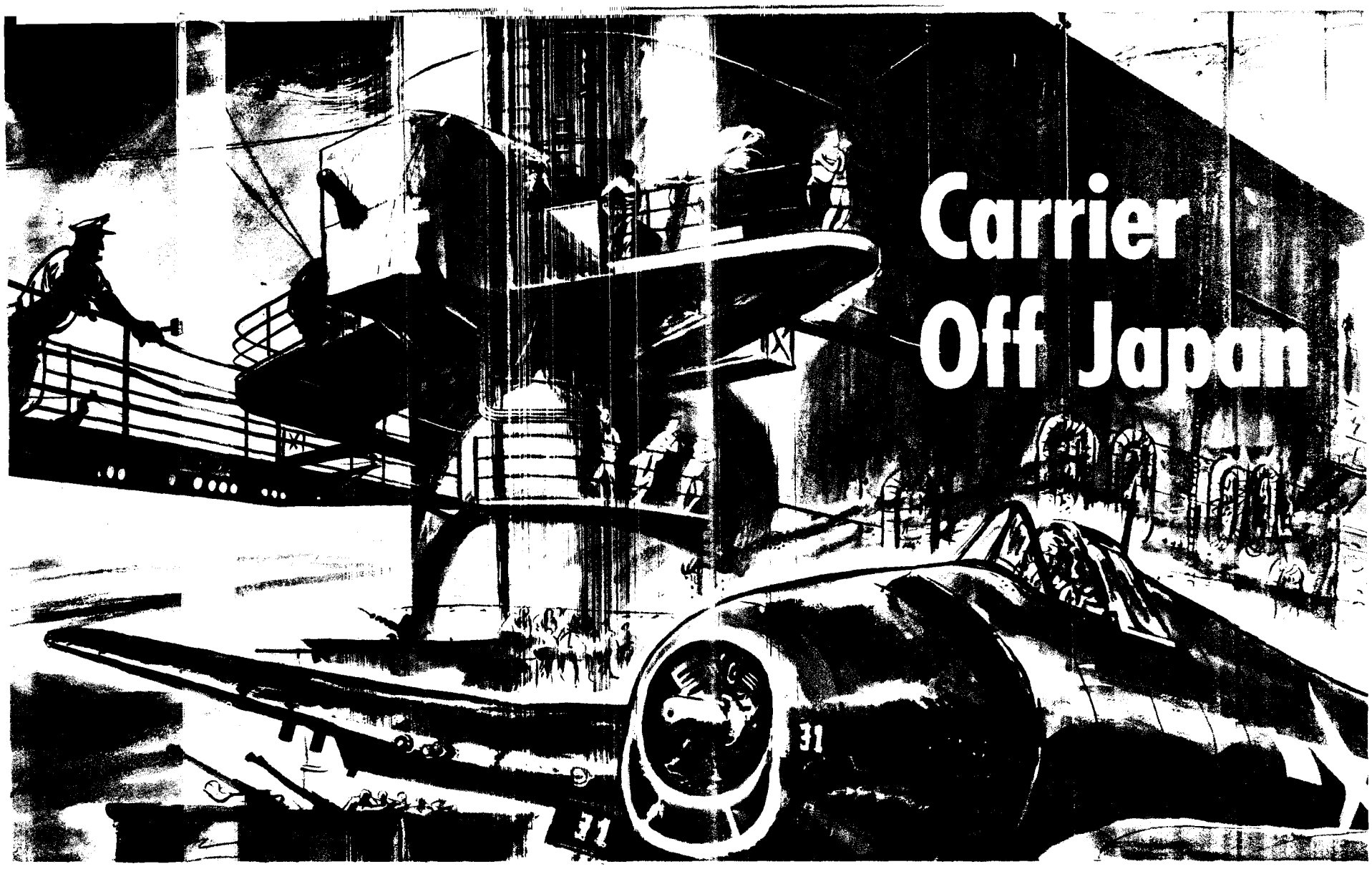

Carrier Off Japan

When the air-crewmen came back from their low-level raids, the thing they talked about most was the lack of Jap air opposition.

By Cpl. JAMES GOBLE
YANK Staff Correspondent

ABOARD A CARRIER OFF JAPAN—The last flight was coming home. The planes circled through the thick mist toward the stern of the *Essex*-class carrier. One by one they hit the deck—Hellcats, Corsairs, and EBMs, with names like *Hydraulic Bess, Miss Fortune, Sweat 'er Girl* and *Kansas City Kitty.*

They were part of the Navy's force of carrier planes that was finishing the historic first full-scale air attack at low level on the Japanese homeland. For two days the planes of this world's largest carrier task force had bombarded the Tokyo area with bombs, rockets, incendiaries, bullets and propaganda. The carriers and their accompanying warships were only a hundred miles off the coast of Japan, but few enemy planes had come out to attack them. And the Jap fleet had remained in hiding.

A plane handler waved a welcome to one of the returning pilots. A man wearing an asbestos suit and carrying a fire extinguisher also waved a greeting. On the catwalk at the flight deck's edge a shivering gun-crewman jumped up and down, maybe only to warm his tropics-thinned blood. The wintry weather of the last few days seemed strange to men who had become used to the tropics.

Down in the air-crewmen's ready room everybody was whooping it up. Frequently one of the men would look up at the drawing chalked on the blackboard and chuckle. The drawing showed a scrawny woman behind a mike. A bomb was hurtling toward her head. Presumably the woman was Tokyo Rose.

None of the air-crewmen had believed that the Jap resistance would be so light. All of them talked about it while they played poker, shot the bull or horsed around. They said the enemy resistance on the Japanese homeland had been much weaker than that on Luzon, Formosa and Indo-China. Not one of the carrier's air-crewmen suffered a scratch in the three strikes they made on the homeland. And none of them saw a Jap plane in the air.

"We caught them with their planes down," cracked one crewman.

"Aw, shut up," said another. "You read that in *Reader's Digest.*"

At the front of the ready room Edward Fay AMM2c of Troy, N. Y., paraded around without his pants, yelling and singing. He wore his shorts and a helmet, and carried a long stick on his shoulder like a gun. Fay was egged on by Freddie Horan ARM3c of Astoria, N. Y., in spite of the pleas of the poker players to hold the noise.

In the center of the room William Buckner ARM3c of Laurens, S. C., told his story. His TBM, bomb-carrying torpedo plane, had barreled out of the clouds that surrounded the carrier force into a patch of sunlight over the target, an airfield about 50 miles south of Tokyo.

"We heard a Jap voice on the radio," said Buckner. "It sounded like a woman screaming."

Soon the Japs really had something to scream about. First, single-seat Hellcats and Corsairs blasted the airstrips, hangars and barracks. Then, three-seat torpedo planes, in which the crewmen rode, made dives.

Buckner's plane had hurtled down from 12,000 feet. The pilot, Ens. George Harding of Richmond, Va., dumped his bombs. Buckner, radioman-gunner, and rear gunner William Roberts AMM2c of Allentown, Pa., strafed the field as the plane pulled out of the dive. Buckner stopped strafing to take pictures of the field. The flak that followed them was not heavy.

En route back to the carrier, Buckner frequently heard Hellcat and Corsair fighter pilots shout "Tally-ho" over the radio. Then he saw them diving toward coastal shipping, blasting with rockets, bombs, bullets and whatever they had left. Buckner got some pictures of sinking ships, all small ones.

The Hellcats and TBMs were manned by Navy men. The Corsairs were piloted by marines. The marine pilots had been assigned to the carrier recently and were making their first strike.

In one corner of the ready room "Dirty Dan" Dodge ARM2c of Hinsdale, N. H., described an attack on an airfield 70 miles south of Tokyo. Dodge says his nickname was given to him by his "loving friends—the bastards." His plane dived through low clouds toward hangars and barracks that were already burning. The pilot, Lt. William Chealverus of New York City, dumped his bombs. Dodge strafed Jap fighters that were standing along the edge of the airstrips. Rear gunner Elliott Garver AMM1c of Sioux Falls, S. Dak., held his fire. He was saving it for any Japs that might take to the air. Light flak had come up at them at the beginning of the dive but ceased abruptly. The escorting fighters had taken care of the Jap gunners.

Another air-crewman, John O'Donnell ARM2c of Kansas City, Mo., yelled over the din in the ready room. His plane had been in one group the carrier had launched at a target not in the homeland. The target was an airfield on Hachijo Jima, about 150 miles southeast of Tokyo.

The ceiling was low. O'Donnell's plane started to dive from 800 feet. Ens. Ellis Lee of Sioux Pass, Mont., dropped his bombs from 600 feet. "It was the shortest damn dive I ever made," O'Donnell says.

The plane started out of the dive—and then it happened. A bright flash appeared on the port wing. O'Donnell saw exploding flak rip a hole two feet wide near the fuselage.

"Mr. Lee," he called over the radio intercom, "We have a hole in the port wing."

The pilot acknowledged the message and then asked, "Where did our bombs hit?"

The other crewman, Robert Crowther AOM2c of Utica, N. Y., spoke up. "We got a hit on the hangar and on a two-motor plane at the edge of the airstrip."

The flak became thicker around the plane. As usual the Japs concentrated on the cripple. O'Donnell and Crowther watched for Jap planes to take to the air after them. The hole in the wing had cut the speed to about 180 miles per hour. The plane was wobbling slightly. But it got back to the carrier escorted by the others.

ALTHOUGH the attacks on Japan proved to be almost a junket for these air-crewmen, it wasn't a walk-away for the others. That was brought home by an announcement from the loudspeaker in the ready-room wall. First there was the eerie wailing of the boatswain's pipe. Then a voice said: "This is the captain. It is with deep regret that I tell you that four Corsairs and three Hellcats are missing from our carrier. We will miss their pilots very badly. Let us bow our heads."

For a few moments the ready room was still. Then the rattling of poker chips, the talk and the horseplay resumed. One man threw a Mae West at another. An air-crewman whistled a tune. And up front Robert Ellis Webster AOM2c of Eden, N. Y., reached into a crate of oranges and tossed one to Clifford Knox ARM1c of Springfield, Mass. They are the Mutt-and-Jeff team of the air-crewmen, assigned to the same plane. Webster, a rear gunner, is 5 feet 4 inches tall. Knox, a radioman-gunner, is 6 feet 3. They, too, had been over the Jap mainland.

"But we didn't see much," said Webster. "Nothing except an airfield not far from Fujiyama. We bombed hell out of it."

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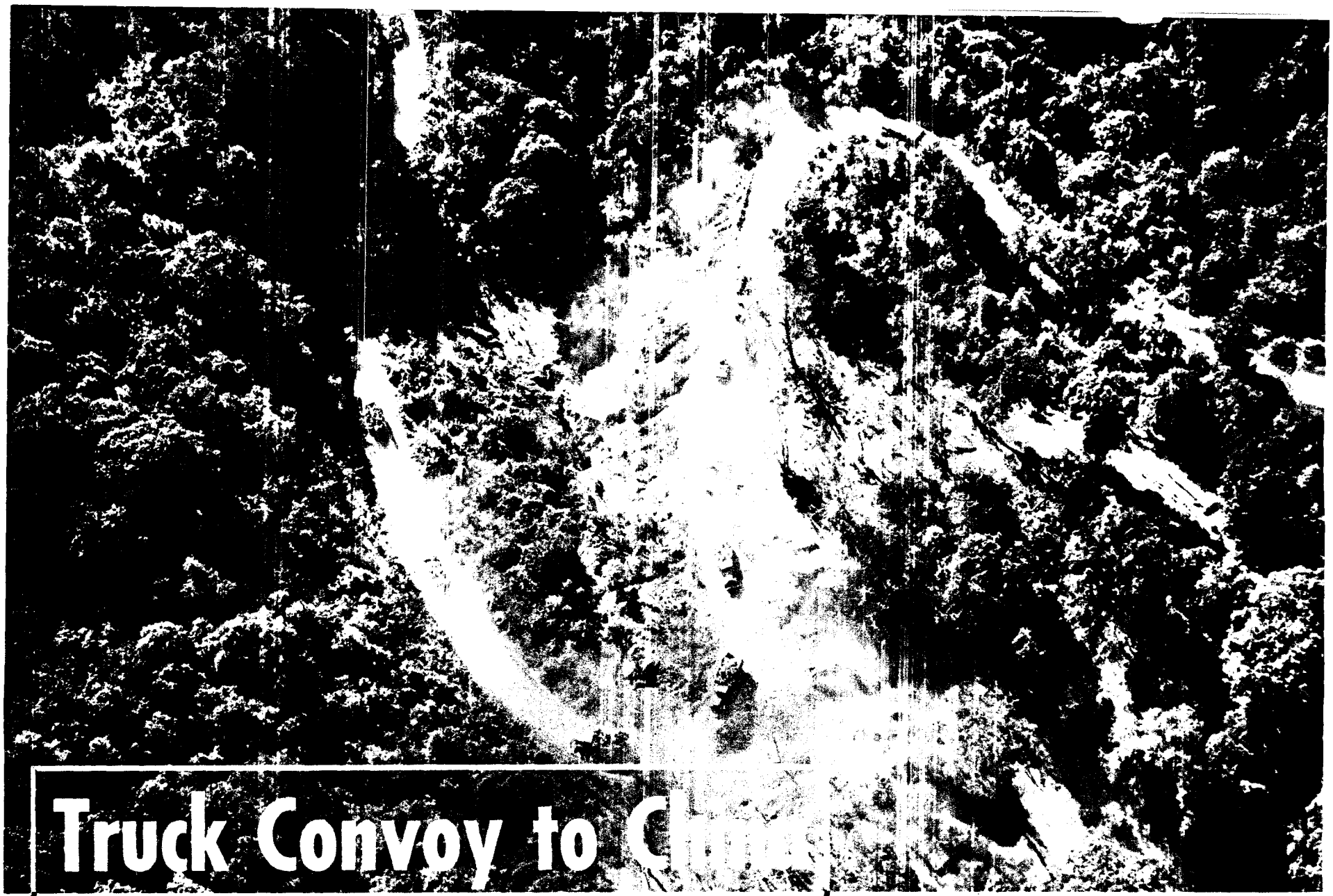

Truck Convoy to C

AFTER THREE LONG YEARS THE LAND ROUTE IS OPEN AGAIN.

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE FIRST CONVOY TO CHINA OVER THE LEDO-BURMA ROAD.—The celebration of Pfc. Oscar Green's 21st birthday was the biggest in his life.

That, however, was only because of a coincidence. Green drove a jeep in the first motor convoy in history from India to China. The day the convoy reached its destination at Kunming was also Green's birthday, and although the Chinese people never heard of Pfc. Oscar Green, they did know one thing—the convoy had ended a three-year blockade by the Japs of a land route to the Orient. So the people put on the wildest celebration in their eight years of war. And not until then did I notice the change in Oscar Green.

When I started from Myitkyina, Burma, in Green's jeep, he had muttered: "To me this is just another dirty detail. Damned if I don't always seem to catch 'em." All through the trip he had stuck by that belief. "Who likes sleepin' on the ground?" he would ask. "Or cooking his own meals? Or getting windburned and chapped and covered with dust? I sure as hell don't."

Then, on Green's birthday, our jeep finally swung through the narrow streets of war-swollen Kunming at the end of the thousand-mile journey, and Oscar took in the scene. There were thousands of Chinese—some wrinkled with age and some tiny kids, a few of the wealthy in fine clothes and an overwhelming number of poor in tattered rags. They lined our path for miles, scanning the long procession of vehicles, waving banners, shooting off firecrackers, grinning, clapping and shouting. Green dropped his cockiness and cynicism. He grew silent. When he spoke again he was dead serious.

"You know," he admitted grudgingly, "you been hearing me bitch ever since we started, but now that it's all over I guess I was wrong in a way. I'm sorta glad now we made the trip because somehow I feel this thing's gonna go down in history."

Most of the rest of us in the convoy went through the same transformation as Oscar Green. Those of us who realized early the significance of what we were doing were backward about saying so, afraid of being laughed at. Sooner or later everyone began to sense something in the patient faces of the Chinese people; in the lavish celebrations they insisted on throwing for us in their war-shattered villages; in the holidays they declared at each place we passed through; in the pathetically flattering signs that called us "gallant heroes"; in the thumbs-up greetings and grins we got from the long lines of ill-equipped, underfed Chinese soldiers trudging wearily back to the front.

This was more than just another long drive over dusty roads. This marked the closing of one chapter in this war in the Far East and the opening of another. Thousands of Chinese, American, Indian and British soldiers had fought, worked and died in Burma and China to make this trip possible.

THE convoy rolled out of Ledo in Assam Province of India even before the Japs had been completely cleared from the Shweli River Valley—the last link in Burma between Ledo and the Burma Road. Three days and 260 miles later the vehicles pulled in to Myitkyina, the biggest American base in Burma, and waited. After a week the convoy got the go-ahead from Lt. Gen. Dan I. Sultan, CG of the India-Burma Theater, who announced that farther down the road the last pockets of resistance were being mopped up.

We got up in the darkness next morning, dressed with chattering teeth, drew 10-in-one rations, packed our bedding and equipment in the vehicles and gathered at the push-off point. At 0700 hours Brig. Gen. Lewis A. Pick of Auburn, Ala., who had directed most of the Ledo Road construction and was to lead the convoy, called the drivers together for a last-minute meeting. "Men," he said, "in a few minutes you will be starting out on a history-making adventure. You will take the first convoy into China as representatives of the United States of America. It's up to you to get every one of these vehicles through. Okay, start 'em rolling."

As I got into jeep No. 32 with Green and Pfc. Ray Lawless of Brooklyn, a photographer for the Signal Corps, I noticed that a Chinese driver was climbing into the cab of every truck as assistant driver. Other Chinese soldiers, veterans of the Burma campaign, were boarding the six-by-sixes to serve as armed guards for the convoy.

By 0730 the parking lot was filled with the noise of engines as the vehicles rolled out, turned into the Ledo Road and headed south through the early morning mist. There were motorcycles with MPs, jeeps and quarter-tons, GMCs and Studebakers, ambulances and prime movers.

The convoy thundered along, stopping only for a K-ration lunch. We passed American engineers, bulldozers and graders, Indian soldiers digging a drainage ditch, and Chinese engineers building a plank bridge. Fifteen miles from Bhamo we came upon a macadam highway that had been built before the war, and by late afternoon we were pulling into a bivouac area. A GI tent camp had sprung up all over Bhamo in the month and a half since its capture, and it had been policed up considerably. Nevertheless, when Lawless got out of the jeep to take a picture of the convoy entering the shell-blasted city, he found it hadn't been cleaned up quite enough.

"Phew," he said, turning up his nose as he came back to the jeep, "what a stink back there. Someone forgot to bury what was left of a Jap hit by mortar."

More vehicles joined us at Bhamo, increasing the number in the convoy to 113.

At dawn the next day we were off again in the morning mist, bypassing a knocked-out bridge. Soon we plunged into the jungles and hills, following an ancient spur road that had first been used by foot travelers in the day's of Marco Polo and before the war was the main route for supplies from Rangoon.

THAT afternoon the convoy descended the hills to the fertile, open country of the Shweli River Valley and entered Namhkan, which had been captured by the Chinese 38th Division only nine days before. Before we got through the battle-scarred village, an officer halted the first jeeps.

"Looks like you'll have to lay over here a few days," he said. "The Japs still hold several miles of the road up ahead. Some of them are right up there in those mountains, five miles away, with artillery, and they can see every move we make. They forced our guns from one position yesterday with their 150s."

The convoy went a few miles past Namhkan, and pulled into a wooded area that had been the Jap stronghold a few days before. There were cleverly concealed emplacements everywhere. Unpacking, we could hear the dull thud of Jap

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shells miles away and occasionally the sound of Chinese mortars. The drivers were wide-eyed because this was the first time most of them had ever been so close to the enemy.

While everyone lolled about the next day, I went around and talked with some of the drivers. All were members of Quartermaster trucking companies. Like Green, who hails from Taylorville, Ill., most of them are from small places like Ada, Okla.; Imlay City, Mich.; Oakland City, Ind.; Oconto Falls, Wis., and Pikeville, Ky.

Most of the veteran GI drivers here are Negroes who have been piloting trucks over the Ledo Road for 18 to 24 months. In fact, 90 percent of the convoying on the Ledo Road for more than a year was done by Negro drivers. "Them monsoons was the toughest part of it," said Wilber T. Miller of Tupelo, Miss. "Last summer, for example, there was several feet of water in some places, higher than our hub caps. The whole road was sometimes just a sea of muck. The rain seemed to cave in a couple of tons of earth on the road in different places every week, and all we could do was set there waiting for a couple of days till the engineers could shovel it off. And boy, that ain't fun!"

On our fourth afternoon in Namhkan, Gen. Pick got a message that American-manned General Sherman tanks had spearheaded the final break-through along the road to the Burma Road junction, so next morning we were off again. Within two hours the convoy arrived in the village of My-Se—where the last big battle had taken place—for a celebration.

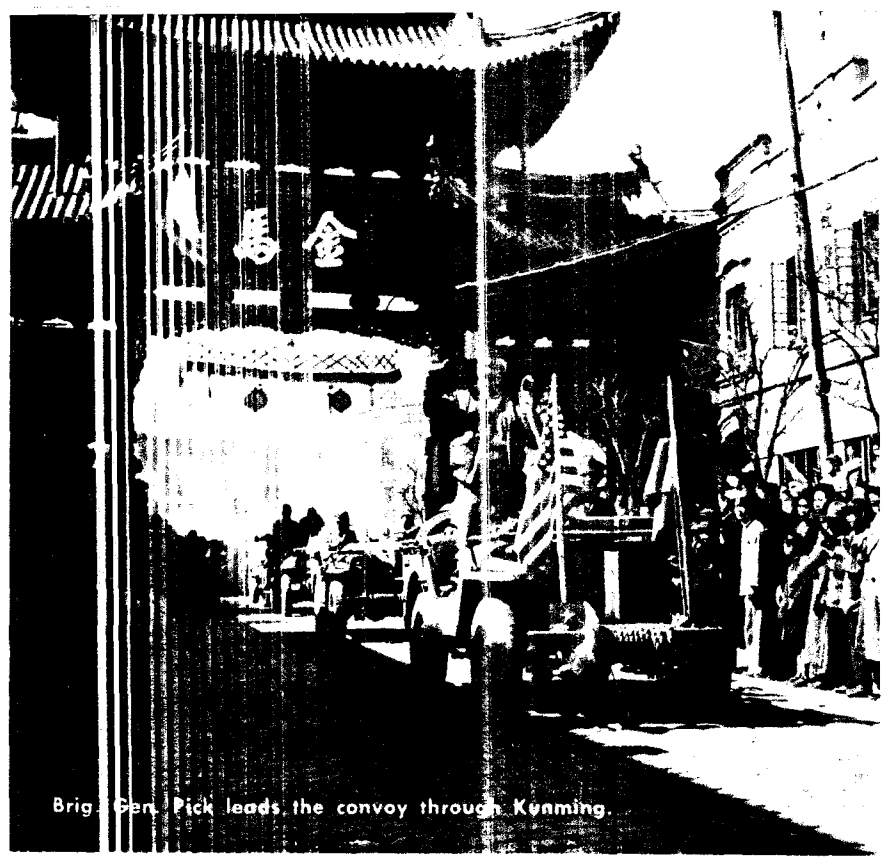
Into the leveled town came troops of the Chinese First Army and men of the Chinese Expeditionary Force, who had driven through from Burma and China over the last six months to clear the Japs away from the Ledo and Burma Roads. The two armies were a strange contrast. Soldiers of the First Army, who had fought in Burma, wore sun-tans, GI helmets and British packs, and carried Enfield rifles and tommy guns. They looked plump and well-fed. But the *Pings* of the CEF, who had fought through from China, wore everything from ragged and patched blue uniforms to clothes they had stripped from the bodies of Japs. Only one man in every squad seemed to have a weapon—usually an ancient German rifle or a Jap *Arisika*—and all of them looked half-starved. The difference between the two Chinese armies was the difference between the extensive American air and land supply lines to Burma and the blockaded land route to China that made military supply in quantity impossible. Looking at the contrast, some of us caught on to the significance of the convoy.

From My-Se the convoy wound through barren hills to Mongyu and rolled into the macadam highway at right angles to the Road, past a signpost that had just been put up at the intersection: "Junction—Ledo Road—Burma Road." Just 20 hours before, tanks had cleared this junction and now for the first time in three years a convoy to China had arrived at the Burma Road. But we didn't stop. The trucks swung left, passing more ragged single-file columns of the CEF as we headed for the China border.

On top of a hill 10 miles from the Ledo-Burma Road junction, our vehicles halted and the drivers were ordered to put Chinese and American flags and red-white-and-blue streamers over their hoods. The convoy started slowly downhill and halted near an open field. Thousands of Chinese and American soldiers were massed before a platform containing more American and Chinese generals than had ever been on any stage together in the previous three years of the Asiatic War. After the speeches and the band music, Gen. Pick's jeeps drove through an arch decked with garlands of leaves and signs and ribbons. Behind the arch was a short wooden bridge over a muddy stream. This was the Burma-China border. The vehicles crossed the bridge and continued on through the border town of Wanting to bivouac near a tiny village named Chefang.

For the next two days the convoy thundered through places that had been the battlegrounds of China during the last six months. The road wound a thousand feet up into the Kaolikung Mountains, which are part of the Hump on the air route between India and China. After hours of threading our way along the narrow mountain ledges we came around a bend and could see below us the blue ribbon of the Salween River, which had been the Chinese line of western defense for two years until the CEF offensive began last May.

That afternoon the convoy came out of the hills into Paoshan. A Chinese Army band blared as we rolled toward the city gate, school children waved banners, firecrackers crackled and signs were plastered everywhere welcoming "Commander Pick and his gallant men" and "More M1 munitions and all kinds of materials." That night there was a big party in the Confucius Temple for the whole convoy. There were more speeches, an elaborate Chinese meal, acrobats and *gombays*. Except for the difficulty of trying to eat with chopsticks, *gombays* gave GIs the most trouble. *Gombay* is the Chinese toasting word meaning "bottoms up," and three or four *gombays* with small tumblers of rice wine, which tastes like wood alcohol and is called *jing bao* or air-raid juice by GIs stationed in China, can be as powerful as a whole case of beer. Nevertheless the Chinese proposed toasts every 10 minutes, and the GIs, in their desire to be diplomatic, soon were feeling no pain at all.


Brig. Gen. Pick leads the convoy through Kunming.

Next day, despite hangovers, we made the longest day's trip of the whole journey—150 miles through rice paddies and up into the mountains again. Finally, at 1930 hours, the convoy halted in an open field. As we fumbled around with flashlights to get our gasoline cook stoves going and put down our bedding rolls, a GI started beefing.

"Why the hell is it," he asked, "that every time we bivouac—except for last night when we slept on a concrete warehouse floor—we always have to do it in an open field on the highest and windiest spot in miles?"

As it turned out, the next three nights were to be spent the same way. We had all brought jungle hammocks along, but in the open fields the only place to string them was between trucks or guns or jeeps. Most of us just laid our blankets on the ground. This particular night it was so cold that when we awoke next morning there was frost on the blankets. Lawless had to use our gasoline stove to melt the frost off our windshield.

The convoy pushed through Yunnunyi and another celebration, then camped as usual on a high, windy spot about 20 miles away. Several GIs were in the streets of Yunnunyi to greet us, and one held up an empty beer case and yelled: "Where's the beer? We only got two cans this month and four in December." From then on, as far as we went into China, we heard the same question whenever we met American soldiers.

Beyond Wanting there were stone blocks beside the road that announced the number of kilometers to Kunming. I watched them hour after hour, day after day, as they diminished from 960 to 812 to 668 to 449 to 303 and finally to less than 100. We learned a kilometer is five-eighths of a mile and we periodically figured out our mileage as we drove along. Eleven days after leaving Myitkyina, shortly after passing our first Chinese factory — a salt plant at I Ping Lucg— and coal mines nearby, we found ourselves pulling into bivouac at the 16-kilometer mark. It was above a broad lake named Tienchih, and across it we could see the sprawling city of Kunming. Gen. Pick announced that next day the convoy would enter the city.

That night was the worst one of the trip. A heavy rain started around midnight, soaking us and most of our clothing and equipment. In the morning we put away our dirty fatigues, took our wool uniforms from our barracks bags and dressed for the last and the biggest celebration of all. "This Kunming must be a chicken place," said Green. "We even gotta put on ties." Again we put the Chinese and American flags and streamers on each vehicle. Gen. Pick called the GIs together.

"I'm proud of you men," he said. "You've brought every one of 113 vehicles through safely. I'm going to see that each of you drivers gets a letter of commendation."

The Chinese drivers climbed behind the wheels for the first time and the convoy moved to its destination. We were tired, our clothes still wet from the night's rain, our lips chapped and our faces and necks red with windburn. We all knew what to expect—more crowds and signs and arches and banners and speeches and parties.

Beside me, Oscar Green was quieter than usual. For one thing, he'd been feeling pretty sick, so sick we had stopped our jeep the day before at a hospital along the road for him to get some pills. When he came out he said they wanted to keep him in bed there because his temperature was over 100. But he refused to let Lawless or me tell anyone about it for fear he wouldn't be allowed to finish the convoy. The other reason he was so quiet was that he'd been figuring out something in his mind.

"They asked for volunteers among the drivers to fly back to Ledo tomorrow, instead of hanging around Kunming for a few days to rest," he said, "and I told 'em I wanted to go. I wanta get behind the wheel of a big, ol' GMC and really boot it. This convoy was too much of a circus with all this celebration. I betcha we can make it in 8 days next time instead of 12."

"Happy birthday, Oscar," I said, as the first truck convoy to reach China in three years rolled slowly toward the 0-kilometer marker.

American and Chinese drivers during stop at Namhkan

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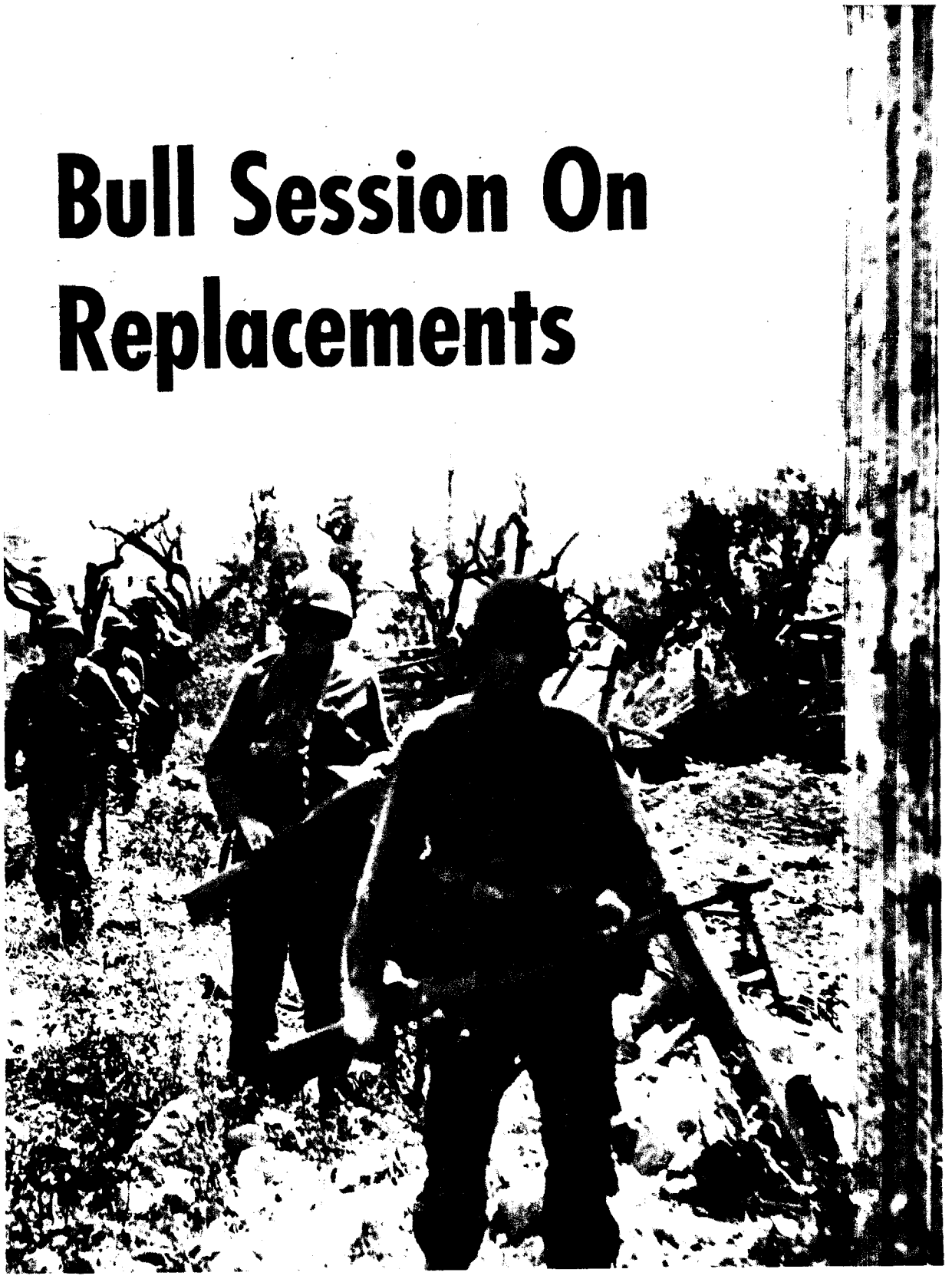
Bull Session On Replacements



They should be taught that most fighting is only scouting and patrolling on a large scale

Training for combat, according to veterans in Italy, should be a hell of a lot more realistic and a hell of a lot more thorough.

By Cpl. WILLIAM REGAN
YANK Field Correspondent

WITH THE 88TH DIVISION IN ITALY—"They oughta learn them guys" is the favorite beef you hear from combat veterans when they talk about replacements who have just joined their outfits.

Some, like T/Sgt. Vicenzo Marino, a rifle-platoon sergeant in the 350th Regiment, feel that replacements should get more training in night operations. "I know they get night problems," Marino said, "but they don't get enough. They ought to be made to see that almost everything they do over here will be done at night.

"They should know how to move up on reliefs in the line and how to go into new positions, and they should get more training on night patrols and how to see and listen on outpost when it's pitch black. They should know how to do at night every damn thing they do in daytime."

T/Sgt. Roman J. Klein of Buffalo, N. Y., a rifle-platoon sergeant in Marino's company, added that while most replacements have had enough scouting and patrolling, they should be taught that most fighting—even in big offensives—is only scouting and patrolling on a large scale. "That," he said, "would help them, not just on patrols, but every minute they're at the front, because they would automatically take advantage of all cover and concealment; they'd always be alert and watch where they're going."

Somebody pointed out that a scouting and patrolling problem was usually a favorite time for a trainee to pick out a nice quiet spot for a couple of hours' break. "I'd take care of that," snapped Klein. "I'd have the problems last two or three days and make the patrols scrounge for their food and water. I'd give them maps and make them reach certain points where rations and water would be waiting."

ANOTHER thing Klein mentioned was that the average replacement doesn't know enough about the weapons an infantryman uses. "He usually knows enough about one or two weapons," Klein said, "but he should know them all. He may know how to use and take care of the M1 or carbine, but if you need a BARman or machine-gunner quick you're up a creek."

William J. Cashman of Portland, Conn., chief of a small-arms unit, agreed that most replacements don't know enough about their weapons—how to use them and how to take care of them. "When the small arms come in for repairs," Cashman said, "all that most of my men can find wrong is that they need cleaning and oiling. Every replacement ought to know how to fire, clean and field-strip every small arm." One recent replacement asked Cashman how to load his M1, "and he was on his way up to the line."

"A lot of replacements are trained with the '03 and never see the M1 until they hit a line outfit in combat," put in T-5 George Brooks of Philadelphia, Pa., a member of the small-arms section. "And the GIs aren't the only ones who don't know their weapons. I remember the look on one lieutenant's face when he came back from patrol and found out that the tommy gun he was carrying was missing a firing pin!"

Combat veterans should be returned to the States to train replacements, in the opinion of S/Sgt. Albert Waidelich Jr. of St. Johns, Mich., a rifle-company supply sergeant. "And guys on cadre should be shipped overseas to do some of the fighting," he added. "I'm not saying that to get home myself, because it will be some time before I'm eligible. But I know what I'm talking about. I was a cadreman three years in the States.

"For instance, very few of the men training replacements at Camp Roberts had been in combat. The only ones I remember were a couple of fellows who had been at Anzio for five days before being wounded and sent home, and two others who came back from fighting Japs in the Pacific. GIs sent home on rotation would be a lot more valuable as cadremen, with all they've learned, than if they were sent back to fight."

PFC. Vernon Martin of Northern, Ky., a 60-mm mortarman with the 349th Regiment during the push from the Garigliano River, took a crack at the "by the numbers" systems of training employed in replacement-training centers. "They taught us to drop a shell in with the right hand from the right side of the mortar," he drawled, "and that was the only way they'd let us do it. When I joined the 88th last March, I found the best way for me to feed was by the left hand from the right side of the piece."

Martin's criticism is an oft-heard one. Like other combat men, the Kentucky redhead feels that "dry runs" are overworked and that in some cases they hinder operations because some men cannot quickly adapt themselves to "field expedients."

Pfc. Walter C. Roehrkasse of Independence, Iowa, who drives an ambulance and weapons carrier for the 313th Medical Battalion, complained about inadequate battle orientation. He joined the 88th as a replacement just after the May 11 offensive opened and served as a litter-bearer in the push to Rome. "When I came over I thought all of Italy was a battleground," he said. "I figured it was dangerous everywhere all the time, not just in areas very close to the front."

Roehrkasse put another twist on the need for more night training. He pointed out that the Medics, like the Infantry, operate chiefly at night. "In training," he said, "medics should practice more night evacuation of wounded and especially blackout driving over poor roads."

Sgt. Roger P. Milot of Watertown, Conn., a rifle-company communications sergeant, suggested that all infantrymen should know something about communications. "That's one of the most important things in running a company," he said, "but the T/E doesn't allow enough equipment and you can't find enough men who know anything about running a radio or telephone. I have to train my own men, but when something happens to your communications man you play hell getting another one."

Pvt. George Measer Jr., a 19-year-old former machine-gunner from Williamsville, N. Y., would have more first-aid training and instruction for conduct under shellfire. "The company medic can't be everywhere when the stuff starts flying," he said, "and if everyone knew more about first aid some lives and a lot of arms and legs might be saved.

"And there should be some way to give replacements a preview of what it's like under shellfire—a few big ones sailing over their heads and hitting in a nearby impact area might do it. I remember my first time up. I couldn't tell an incoming shell from one going out, and I didn't know whether to stand still, hit the dirt or run. Of course, I soon learned—but a lot of guys get hit before they have that chance."

SOMEBODY remarked that since the time for training replacements is limited to 17 to 21 weeks, the period might have to be lengthened to include all these suggestions. But that was solved quickly.

"Give them less garrison training and more practical work under field conditions," Marino suggested. "If you cut some of the close-order drill, manual of arms, sex-morality lectures, military courtesy, Articles of War and a lot more stuff that doesn't help in combat there'd be plenty of time left to give replacements training in things that might some day be the difference between life and death."

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London Building Boom

Combat engineers apply the TNT techniques they'll use later in battle to the job of cleaning up the blitzed capital of Britain.

By Sgt. FRANCIS BURKE
YANK Staff Correspondent

LONDON—Sidewalk superintendents are a universal breed, the GIs who are helping rebuild some of the blitzed-out sections of London have found. Some 3,000 American soldiers, about half of them combat engineers, are razing the wrecked homes and replacing them with one-story bungalows. So many Londoners gather at these projects to ask questions and offer advice that a guard has been posted to handle them.

Rebuilding the blitzed areas is a job that has needed doing for some time, but it couldn't be done without the help of the Americans because of the war-depleted British labor supply. The GIs are providing decent homes for the thousands of men, women and children who have been inadequately housed in overcrowded "rest centers" or sleeping in the subways. And at the same time they are helping themselves; the project is part of their training.

The engineers are working in areas and under conditions similar to those they will run into in combat on the Continent, and they are using and becoming accustomed to the tools they will use then. They are learning how to handle demolition jobs by employing crowbars and explosives on blitzed buildings that are not unlike the enemy strongpoints they'll have to deal with later. And, above all, they are learning how to improvise with the equipment at hand—a major requirement for good combat engineers.

The people of London are grateful for the work being done by the GIs. "We got it proper," said the woman owner of a tea shop in the Lambeth section of London, speaking of the blitz. "We used to go down into the shelters at 6 o'clock every evening and come out the next morning, only to find that the Jerries were coming back for breakfast. It got so we almost forgot what our homes looked like, we'd been underground so long.

"That was back in January 1941, and these houses have been lying in ruins ever since that time—until you Yanks came along. Everybody who comes into this shop asks if I've been over to see what you boys are doing at the bombed sites. Where you are building now there once were tidy little rows of houses. After the blitz, nobody dared to walk around that section, it was so miserable and depressing. But thanks to you, all that's being changed over again."

"It's a bigger change than you think," said a woman customer in the tea shop. "To us in the bombed-up neighborhoods it almost seems like the beginning of a new life. It means to us that England is coming back at last. And the fact that soldiers are putting up the new houses means that we aren't afraid of the German planes any more. We aren't afraid that the places will be knocked down again."

The GI-built houses are by no means luxurious but they are infinitely better than accommodations in the shelters and subways. They are designed to last only two years, or until the war ends or lets up enough to allow for the construction of permanent dwellings. There are two types of bungalows. One is a square-built job made of sections of prefabricated wood, and it's 19 feet 7 inches wide, 23 feet long and about 10 feet high. The other is a Nissen-type curved structure with brick sides and a roof of an asbestos composition, 19 feet wide at the bottom and 27 feet long. The floors of both types are made of concrete with an asphalt covering. The foundations consist mainly of rubble taken from bombed buildings. Plans call for a combination latrine and fuel storehouse between every two bungalows.

TOOLS and material are furnished by the British Ministry of Works, which keeps representatives on the scene to consult with the Americans. Capt. Beverly Brockdorff of Washington, D.C., who did construction work for the Government in the national capital for 16 years, has charge of nine building sites. He says that for the most part his men are pretty enthusiastic about the project. Here's what some of the GIs had to say about their work:

"I saw bombed-out people, including little kids, sleeping in those drafty subways," said Pvt. John Buckett of Minneapolis, Minn. "If our country were bombed, I'd like to know that somebody was doing something to take care of my people."

"I was just a quarter of a mile away from Hickam Field when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor," said S/Sgt. George Sizemore, who comes from West Virginia. "The destruction there was pretty bad. But from what I've seen, these places in London got it worse than Pearl Harbor. We're pretty well satisfied to do the job."

The British Minister of Works, Duncan Sandys, spoke to the GIs detailed to work on the construction jobs. "You have seen a good deal of London knocked down," he said. "You are lending us a hand to build it up again. This act of friendship will long be remembered by the people of London."

Cpl. Louis Rossano of Brooklyn, N. Y., surveys a cleared site in the Lambeth district of London before a prefabricated house is set up.

GI engineers begin knocking a blitzed building apart. When the rubble is hauled away and the site cleared they will lay foundations for a new house.

These soldiers are fitting asbestos-roof sheets to a concrete base. Such homes can be finished in nine days and are expected to serve about two years.

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The bust of Franz von Papen, ex-German ambassador to Turkey, sits in the music room of his chateau.

A Letter To Von Papen

Wallenfangen, Germany.

Herr Franz von Papen,
Somewhere in Europe.

Dear Sir:

SINCE you are very busy these days and reported to be in every neutral capital in Europe at the same time, I think you would be interested in learning something of the condition of your estate at Wallenfangen. First, a word or two concerning the house guests on your estate at the time of my visit. They were an Engineer battalion attached during December to the 90th Division.

The engineers were very busy in the first week of December last, bringing troops of the 90th Division across the Saar River to Dillingen. Dillingen, you must remember, is directly across the river from the estate. For several nights in a row the engineers ferried men and supplies across the river under cover of darkness. This was an immensely difficult operation at the time; no bridgehead had been established, yet the entire division was continuously supplied. And always German artillery fire was heavy.

You must understand how admirable this operation was. From certain relics found in your home, it is clear that you understand military operations. I refer particularly to that trophy of your old regiment, which listed the winners of the trophy in past years. I noticed on the inscription that you were described as being of outstanding military manner and courage. You were in great company as winner of that trophy, for it also listed Von Mackensen, who became a great German general. In fact all the names were Vons —all of them aristocrats and all of them famous military men.

It was during this major operation of carrying over and supplying the division on the east bank of the Saar that the engineers decided to use your estate for a kind of combination rest camp and command post. American soldiers, as you know, have no particular interest in great names, so it did not interest them very much that the house belonged to one of the biggest names in German political life. I regret to inform you that they showed no reverence or respect whatsoever for the reputation of the place.

By the time the engineers were settled on your grounds, the fighting in Wallenfangen, particularly artillery fire from your own German guns, had begun to destroy the estate. For a while the engineers had to live in the servants' quarters, but finally they took residence in the main building. When I arrived as a guest of the engineers, most of the rooms showed signs of both shell and machine-gun fire. The very fine mosaic floor in the central lobby was chipped. Your bust on the mantel in the music room, which stands opposite a medium-sized grand piano, showed your nose slightly chipped by machine-gun fire. Herr Hitler's bust upstairs in the trophy and collection room lay on the floor in a pile of rubble.

Herr von Papen, your caretaker made a blunder, I think, in sealing up some of the rooms below the stairs. All soldiers are curious, and American soldiers are particularly curious. Besides, these soldiers were engineers, which made things doubly unfortunate. With tools of their trade at hand, they naturally blew and crowbarred open these sealed rooms and removed your stores of cognac.

The whole house showed evidence of battle. In fact, while I was there, a German shell came right through the library window and burst. You can imagine the result. But the bookcases and all your valuable library remained untouched. Alfred Weber's "*Kultur Geschichte und Kultur Soziologie*" was still there; so was Richard Kuhlmann's "*Gedanken uber Deutschland.*" The big book on the history of Catholicism in France and all the other books had neither been hit by fire nor disturbed by soldiers. It was all as you must have left it. The engineers had a fire going in the grate. Some of the men were writing letters on one of your small desks. And resting on a big, comfortable lounge were Sgt. Harry C. Digby of Long Beach, Calif., and Sgt. Edgar L. Gearis of Westfield, Tex., who had made at least 20 crossings of the river between them that night.

Your collections of photographs shed a curious light on your interests. There was that set of pictures of American troops on bivouac, on parade, etc., which had been taken before and during World War I. There was the album of pictures taken during your trip to Stockholm in more peaceful days. And there were pictures bringing things more or less up to date. They showed you with Hitler, Goebbels, Himmler, Goering and other important figures in Germany.

Music must have been another of your absorbing interests. Capt. James Owen Stinett of Abilene, Tex., executive officer of the battalion, took a great interest in your three pianos. He is a musician. None of the pianos had been damaged at all, but concussion undoubtedly put them slightly off tune. An engineer, passing by one piano, ran his hands over the keys. It did not sound like Wagner. What music particularly interested you, Herr von Papen?

The pictures of your daughters remained on the wall; also those of your Von Papen ancestors. Nor was the evidence of your hunting prowess disturbed. The elk and moose and deer heads which decorated the stairways and main entrances were still there, with inscriptions indicating you had hunted in the United States. Did you hunt these elk in the Rockies before or after the Black Tom explosion, Herr von Papen?

The letters found by the engineers (evidently the caretaker had been unable to remove them in time) were purely personal and therefore of no interest to Americans. A glance at one or two, however, indicated that you were a widely traveled man, that you had standard family ties and at various times you and your family had been in Washington, Stockholm, Italy and other parts of the world. It was clear from an examination of your house, Herr von Papen, that you were a man of education, aristocracy and affairs.

In Wallenfangen and Buren I made inquiries concerning you. What did they think of you, and how had you lived here in this Saar valley? The opinions varied somewhat, but I believe your reputation has declined. Of course it was mentioned everywhere that you had always been a man of charity; that you made it a habit to give all the children in this valley gifts for Christmas. The people pointed out that you lived here for a long time in the style of a country gentleman, and the *burgomeister* of Buren, who had met you at local affairs, said you were a courteous, soft-spoken man and especially concerned with local benefit drives. When questioned about your political life, he said you had entered politics when Herr Hitler came into power only to soften the blow of Nazism. He thought that your venture into international politics was merely a side line and that your real life was in the bosom of your family in the estate at Wallenfangen. From the *burgomeister* and from several other people, I formed the impression that you were considered a home-loving, peaceable, well-to-do member of the "first family" of the Saar.

But other people seemed somewhat bitter. They were not at all sure you have been an innocent associate of Hitler; that you mixed deeply into Nazi politics merely to soften the harsher aspects. From them I gathered that you had used your reputation to bring many people, particularly the farming population of Germany, to complete support of National Socialism. The American phrase for this is a "front." Because they believed you were a front for Nazi-ism, some of them investigated your property and carried off some items.

I WISH, in closing, to tell you that the trip to your home was very interesting. Who would have thought a few years ago, marching up a ramp at Penn Station into the Army, that the muddy shoes of American soldiers would ever tramp the stairs of the home of Franz von Papen? Will Herr Hitler's Berchtesgaden be like this?

The countryside around was very desolate while I was at your house. The few people remaining in the area slunk by like ghosts. In empty villages only goats pranced about. Cattle without masters lowed in muddy fields. Hour after hour artillery poured back and forth across the river. Toward evening the sky was filled with smoke and fire like a terrible painting of war. And across the river, Dillingen burned with bright fires where 90th Division soldiers pushed on in the steady, unglamorous, griping way the Americans are traveling through this war. Every once in a while a German shell from across the river descended on your house at Wallenfangen. It was clear that the Von Papen estate could not last much longer. And with its passing would go all evidence of your life as a country gentleman. All that would be left would be the diplomatic side of your life in which you always seem to have been surrounded by bomb explosions and assassinations.

As I left Wallenfangen that evening, everything below in the valley was shrouded in battle smoke. Every time a shell burst, the sky lighted up and the whole valley seemed to heave as if Germany herself were heaving and dying.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) **Sgt. SAUL LEVITT**
YANK Staff Correspondent

P.S. For further particulars about your estate, I would advise you to get in touch with Lt. Col. Gilbert R. Pirrung, commanding an Engineer battalion, U. S. Army.

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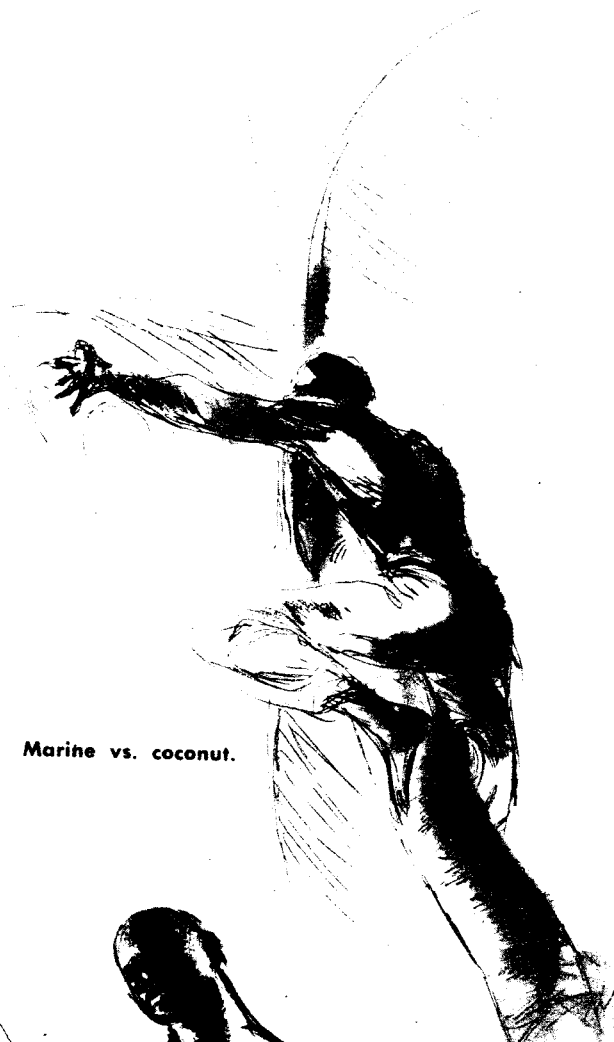
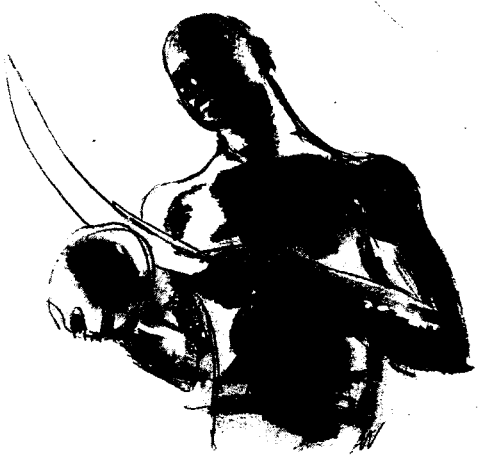


Marine vs. coconut.

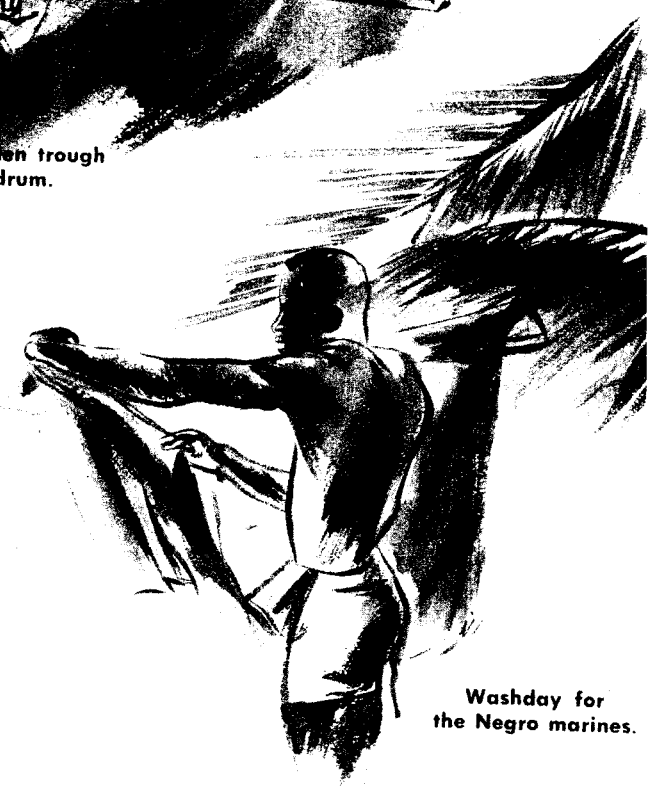
Water drains off roof into wooden trough which leads to empty oil drum.

Funafuti Sketches

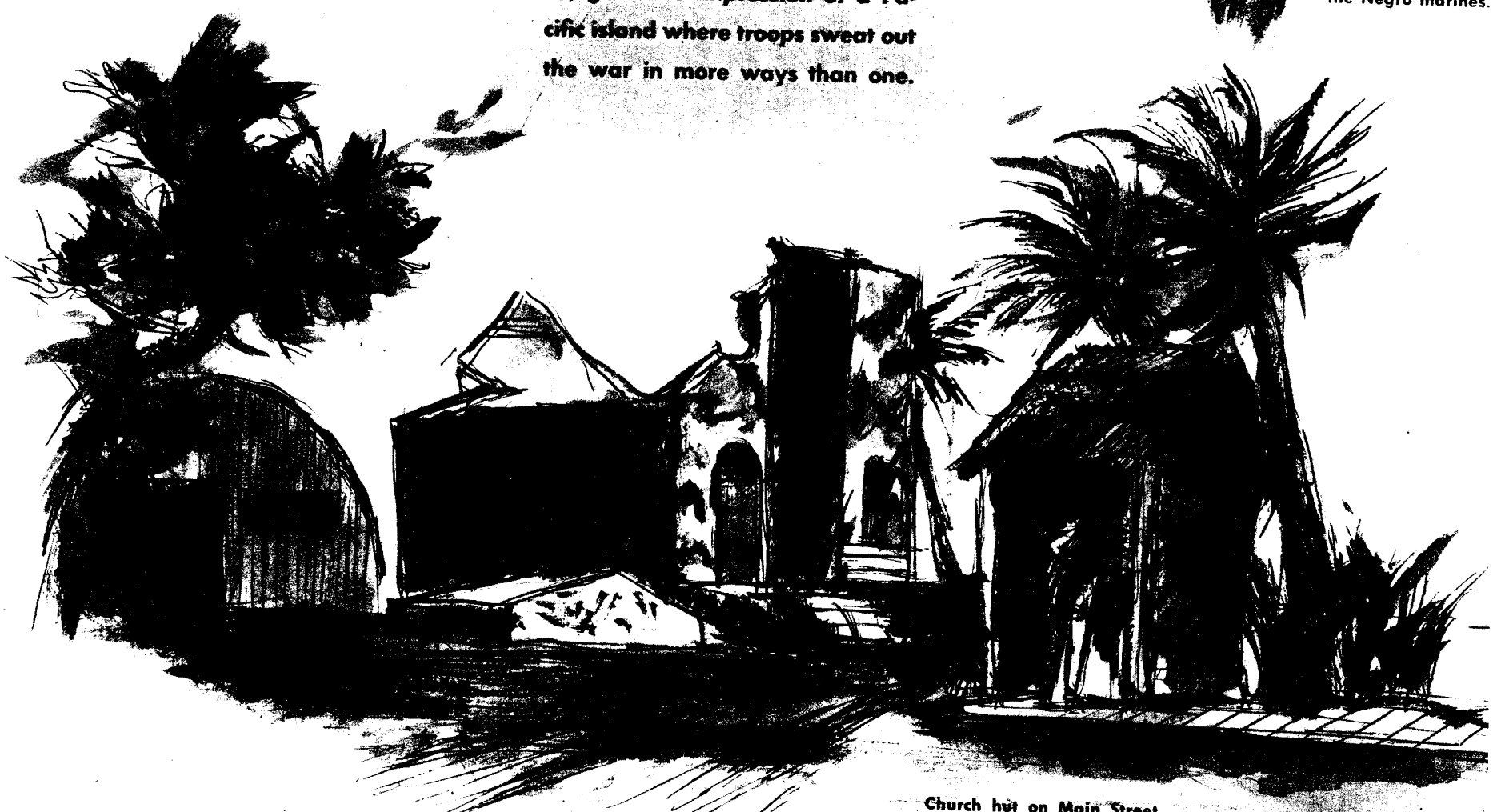
Sgt. Art Weithas, YANK staff artist, gives his impression of a Pacific island where troops sweat out the war in more ways than one.



Milk comes from the green coconuts, meat from the ripe.



Washday for the Negro marines.



Church hut on Main Street.
Modern electric water fountain is covered with thatch.

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WITH SNOW LEAVING THE WESTERN FRONT, THESE GIs ARE TAKING OFF THE WHITEWASH CAMOUFLAGE FROM THEIR HALF-TRACK IN A FIELD OF MUD.

RECON CARS PLOUGH THROUGH THE MUD, HEADING FOR THE FRONT IN GERMANY. THE THAW EXPOSED HIDDEN MINE FIELDS, ONE OF WHICH IS MARKED BY TAPE AT THE LEFT.

TWO GIs OF A MACHINE-GUN CREW SIT ON THE WET GROUND AT THE CORNER OF A HOUSE WHERE THEY ARE COVERING A ROAD INTERSECTION IN GERMANY.

PFC. A. CAROL UNRATH, MEMBER OF A SEARCHLIGHT BATTERY, RECEIVES REPORTS IN A MUDDY FOXHOLE.

Mu

AMPHIBIOUS CRAFT OF THE CANADIAN FIRST ARMY MOVE ACROSS A NETHERLANDS COUNTRYSIDE WHICH WAS FLOODED WHEN THE ENEMY DYNAMITED A DYKE.

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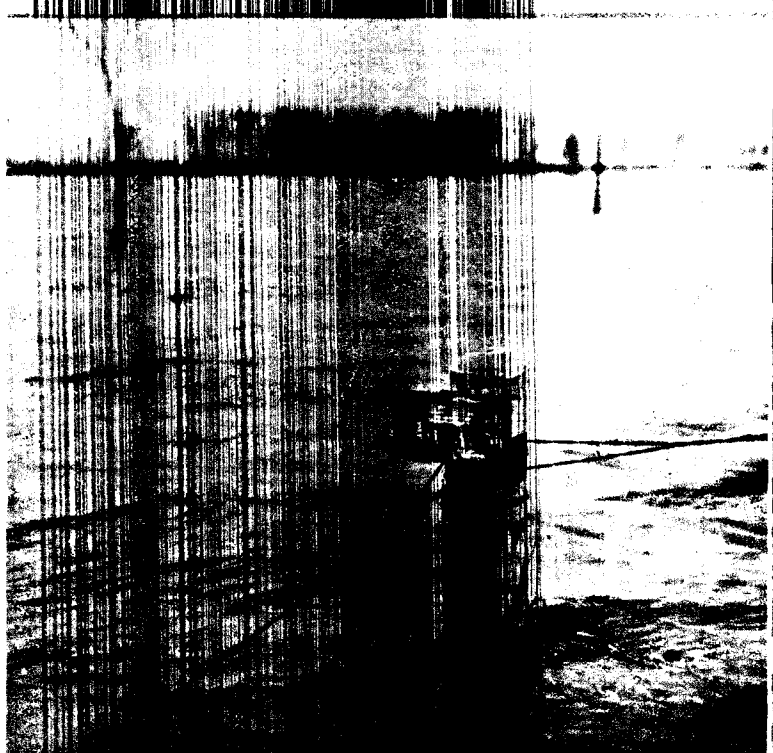
THESE INFANTRYMEN OF THE 90TH DIVISION ARE LEAVING THE TEETH OF THE SIEGFRIED LINE BEHIND THEM, AS THEY MOVE UP AGAINST THE GERMANS.

90th

IN THE WESTERN F



THIS GERMAN SIGN, WARNING AGAINST A MINE FIELD AROUND IT, STICKS UP ABOVE THE FLOODED WATERS OF THE MODER RIVER.

THROUGH MIST AND OVER A ROAD GLISTENING WITH MUD, TWO MEDICS CARRY THE BODY OF A YANK WHO WAS KILLED DURING BITTER FIGHTING WITH THE GERMANS AT OBERHOFFEN, FRANCE.

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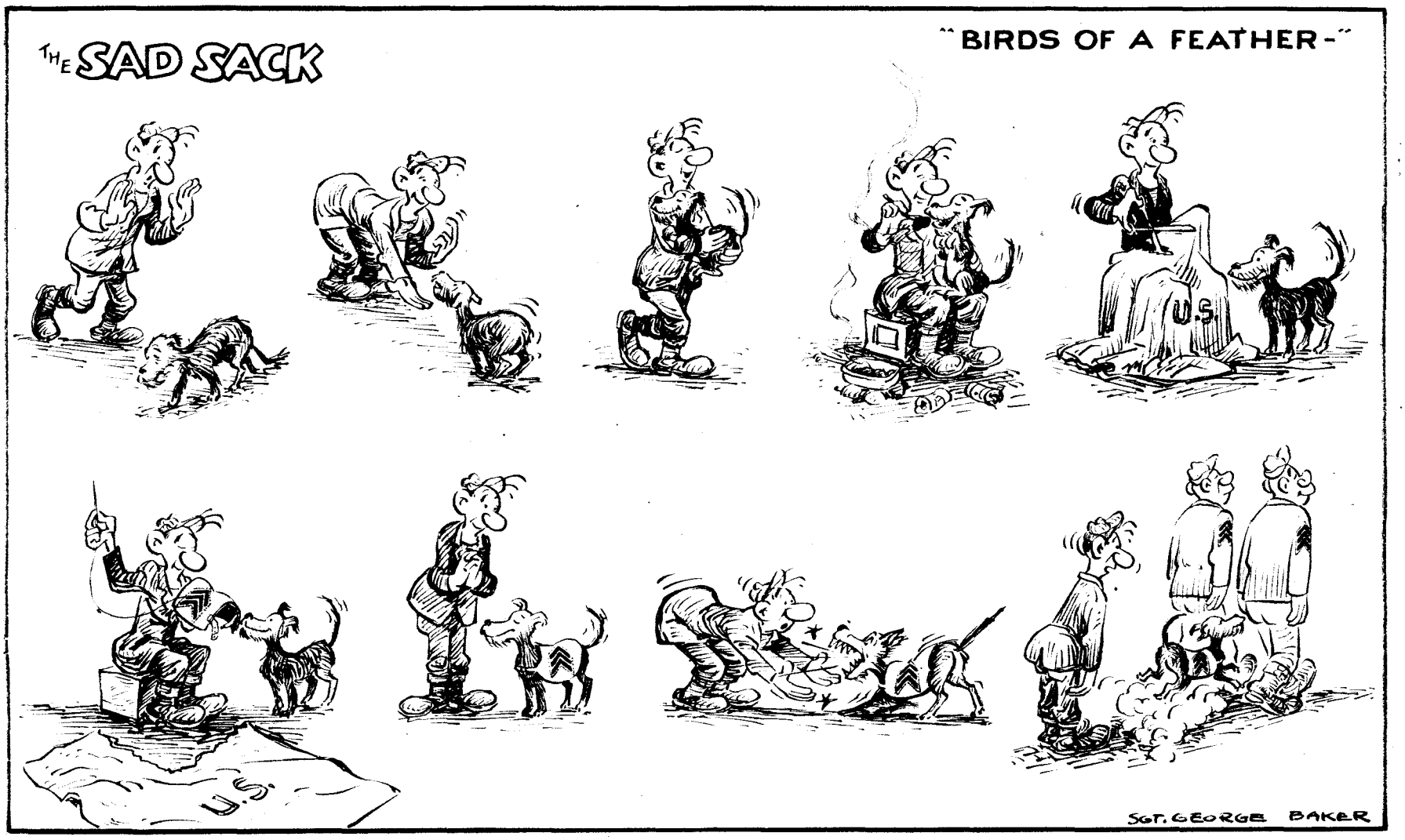

The Merchant of Sleeper's Cove

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS

THE ALEUTIANS—The PX had cokes in that afternoon. A bunch of us are leaning around sopping up our two-bottle limit, when old Dogmeat clears his throat and starts remembering about how it was in the old days. I should tell you that old Dogmeat has been camping on this island longer than anybody else.

"Great Sitkin," old Dogmeat exclaims, belching a little from drinking his coke too fast, "the day I hauled my heavy onto the beach at Sleeper's Cove, I never figured I'd live to see a PX here with coke in it. And flashlights and cigarettes a nickel a pack. And wristwatches. Jeez—wristwatches. Too bad old Bill Hobba got himself rotated and can't see them watches."

Nobody says anything because you know old Dogmeat is off again, and pretty soon old Dogmeat goes on:

"This old Bill Hobba, he was a buddy of mine. Part of a cadre that was supposed to come down here for about three months, then report back to Richardson. Well, Bill has heard a lot about what it's like down the Chain, so when we get on board the old fishbasket which is to bring us down here, he's got his B-bag loaded with hunting knives, cartons of cigarettes, boxes of candy bars and 15 wristwatches. Somebody has give him the guff about how he can sell it all at a big profit to the mudfaces in the Chain. On board the old fishbasket he explains the set-up to me.

"'Take these watches,' old Bill Hobba says. 'I picked 'em up around town. They're all beat up but they mostly run, and I got 'em for about 10 bucks per. Well, this guy I met who's been at Umnak says I can sell 'em for 40 bucks up. Same thing on the knives.'

"Well, you know how it is on an old fishbasket coming down the Chain. We are 25 days out of Resurrection Bay before we sight this island. All this time there is a lot of craps and poker, and old Bill Hobba has lost all his candy bars and cigarettes and most of his knives. But we can never get him to put any watches in the game.

"There's one watch he wears all the time—a beauty, gold with black face and white numbers. Old Bill tells me this watch is the one his ma and sis give him for making the grade out of high school. It's a fine ticker, cost probably 50 or 60 bucks. Several of the guys on the old fishboat ask him about buying one of his selling watches, but old Bill holds off. He figures he can make more when the gang gets to our island where you won't be able to get nothing nowhere.

"Well, old Bill has a good head all right. By a couple of months after we get here and start getting set up in our pyramidals, old Bill has peddled every damn one of his selling watches and has a lot of good offers for his graduation ticker. He tells me he has cleaned up a cool $750 profit. And not only that, but the cards has been falling his way in the blackjack game we run at old Melonhead Johnson's tent. Old Bill confides in me that he's already sent home $500 and he's still got $850 knocking around in his shaving kit.

"I watch him close after that, and, sure enough, old Bill just can't lose, no matter who calls the game or who handles the deck. By the middle of the winter old Bill comes to me worried. He says he's sent home another $800 and he's got $1,350 right in his pocket. I notice he's not wearing his ma and sister's watch, and he tells me some guy offered him 175 bucks for it and he couldn't resist. The fact is, old Bill Hobba is now in the position of having so damn much money he doesn't know what to do with it, and on this island in them days there's exactly place none where he can spend any of it. He's afraid to send more home because his ma's bound to wonder how a guy earning $60 a month can keep sending home so much dough.

"There's only one thing for old Bill to do, I tell him. Bury his dough, except a few bones to keep old Melonhead Johnson's tent alive, and then go treasure hunting for it in the spring. Old Bill can't tell whether I'm joking him or not, so he goes out still worried. I see him every day and he gets worrieder and worrieder. You can see he's going all off his melon, not being able to do anything with his dough except win more.

"THEN one day we look out in the bay, and there's a ship and guys coming over the side into landing boats. Everybody takes a gallop to the beach, and when I get there I'm running along right behind old Bill Hobba. Pretty soon these landing boats come in close and the ramp comes down and a bunch of sad looking doggies come staggering out with their packs. But there is one sharp-nosed skinny kid who runs onto the beach and stops by us. He rips open his field pack and pulls out an old beat-up wristwatch with a yellow dial and a leather band that was all frayed.

"The skinny kid waves this watch in front of old Bill Hobba's face, and old Bill grabs at it and says, 'How much ya want for it?'

"The kid takes a good look at old Bill Hobba's face and says, kind of like a question mark, 'Hunnerd twenny-five?'

"Old Bill Hobba fishes a roll out of his pocket that would anchor the *Queen Mary*. He licks his lips, and I see his Adam's apple kind of bobble. 'Sold,' he kind of croaks. 'What else you got?'"

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MP STRIP. To prove a special feeling for MPs, Gipsy Rose Lee lifts a skirt for Sgt. Harry Stevens, a 2d Ferrying Group MP at Wilmington, Del.

SALUTE THE BRIDE. In Washington, D. C., WAC Maj. Ruth Spivak, executive officer of the Twentieth Air Force, weds T. Sgt. Irving Gershon.

CAMP NEWS

Shakespeare Jungle Book

Camp Crowder, Mo.—The library of Service Club No. 2 sent Pfc. Julius Domawitz a notice about an overdue book. If the book had been lost, the note said, Domawitz could clear the record by remitting $1. The notice caught up with him in the Southwest Pacific, and he sent a dollar with this reply:

"When I shipped out, this volume of Shakespeare was in the bottom of my barracks bag and I didn't discover it until the boat had docked. Meanwhile Shakespeare has proved again in this jungle that his works have an everlasting value, independent of time or space or circumstance. The book, in fact, is the only one to be found for miles around. Already it has made the rounds of most of this battalion. I'm glad to learn you'll permit me to pay for it instead of returning it."

Disturbed at having sent the ultimatum, Mrs. Hollis Bates, the librarian, and others at Service Club No. 2 sent a box of paper-bound volumes to Pfc. Domawitz and his buddies. The collection included some murder mysteries accompanied by expressions of regret that these couldn't quite measure up to Shakespeare.

SOMETHING HE ATE

Mitchel Field, N. Y.—After 33 months as a GI cook in Newfoundland, S/Sgt. Henry Ackerman was returned here with stomach ulcers. "Guess my own cooking didn't agree with me," he remarked on arrival.

—S/Sgt. BERT BRILLER

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Lee, Va.—Sgt. Sergeant has been promoted to staff sergeant. His first name is James and he comes from Staten Island, N. Y.

Shaw Field, S. C.—When Charlie Kavanaugh, clarinetist in the Shaw Field band, had a 12-day furlough, he spent 11 days of it going to class from 0900 to 1800 daily in a New York University safety-engineering course.

Camp Fannin, Tex.—One particularly dark morning C-64-13 started off on a forced march. Noticing a soldier trailing one of the units, the platoon sergeant shouted: "Come on, you blankety-blank goldbrick. Close it up." The straggler turned out to be the CO, bird-dogging the rear of the platoon.

Camp Blanding, Fla.—The steam whistles on the hospital and QM laundry and sirens atop a water tank and a camp theater all sounded off at once, much to the excitement of a group of newly arrived Infantry trainees. "No, the war ain't over," the corporal in charge explained patiently. "It's noon—time for lunch."

Augusta, Ga.—Sometimes it pays to be a private, according to Pfc. Jeff Holcomb, a patient at the Oliver General Hospital. When an Augusta advertising agency called up for a model of a rank below corporal, with overseas experience and a pleasant smile, Holcomb filled the bill. He collected $100 and had the thrill of seeing his picture in an ad in the Feb. 26 issue of *Life*.

Sioux Falls AAF, S. Dak.—Pvt. Stuart R. Haley of Poolville, N. Y., a student at the AAF Training Command Radio School, makes a habit of perfection. He was the first man ever to receive a 100-percent final grade in the electrical-fundamentals branch of the school; then he repeated with a flawless performance in his final exam in the radio-fundamentals branch.

Redistribution Station, Asheville, N. C.—Back in 1941, Pfc. J. R. Adams was assigned to the 29th Division by classification Sgt. S. W. Sterrett. Adams subsequently was transferred to the 41st Division and fought in the South Pacific. On his return to the U. S. he was sent here and then reassigned to Camp Wolters, Tex., by the AGF classification officer, Capt. S. W. Sterrett.

McCloskey General Hospital, Temple, Tex.—Pvt. Robert Tipton is ready to believe all the stories about the powers to jinx in the number 13. Tipton, a 79th Division automatic rifleman, entered the Army October 13, 1942, went to France June 13, 1944, was wounded November 13 and lost his left leg and right thumb. The doctors removed 13 pieces of shrapnel. Tipton is now recovering from his wounds here in bed No. 13.

THE NAME IS FAMILIAR

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—The Public Relations Office noncom was sitting at his typewriter trying to dream up a story when in walked a new secretary.

"What's your name?" he said.

"Mrs. Hull."

"Cordell?"

"That's right."

"From Tennessee?"

"Right again."

"Husband related to the famous man?"

"Cousin—was named after him."

T-5 Cordell Hull does his soldiering in a Harbor Craft outfit.

MUST BE A 30-YEAR MAN

Grand Island AAF, Nebr.—Up at the Personnel Office here they swear this is true. An enlisted man was recently sent to a nearby separation center to be discharged. His records have arrived, but the unnamed hero hasn't.

Winnie the Wac Gets Aberdeen Award

Pfc. Semanchik poses for Cpl. Herman

Mayor greets Winnie: "We ran out of keys."

Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.—"Winnie the Wac," cartoon pin-up girl at the Army Ordnance Training Center and leading character in a cartoon feature drawn by Cpl. Vic Herman for the *Flaming Bomb*, the camp newspaper, was winner of Aberdeen's third annual USO-sponsored "Ordnance Joe Contest of 1945." As a result, Cpl. Herman and Pfc. Althea Semanchik, the model for Winnie, received a three-day pass to New York City. There they were guests of several outstanding cartoonists at a luncheon at the Pen and Pencil Club and attended the Brig. Gen. Theodore Roosevelt WAC Company rally at the Waldorf-Astoria. Their program of entertainment also included seats for the musical show, "Swing Out Sweet Land"; a party at the Stork Club, and a visit to the Stage Door Canteen.

Pfc. Semanchik is from Duryea, Pa., and has been a member of the WAC for 22 months. After a course in higher mathematics under Army supervision, she was assigned to the instrument section of the Fuze Chronograph Department at Aberdeen, plotting azimuths and computing firing ranges to determine the path and hitting power of shells.

Cpl. Herman, who was an advertising artist before he entered the Army, has specialized in training aids at the Ordnance School at Aberdeen. He started "Winnie the Wac" a year and a half ago. He is a member of the War Cartoon Board of the Office of War Information and was recently commended by Mayor LaGuardia of New York for one of his posters on waste-paper conservation.

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Refugee Camp

Poles and Belgians, Russians and French, freed from German slave labor, take the first step here on the way to their homelands.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

BELGIUM—Lt. Vasily Bulachic, the Russian liaison officer, asked a gray-haired Russian woman sitting on the lower half of a GI double-decker bunk to tell us how the Germans had uprooted her and her family from their home and sent them off to forced labor in the Reich. She hesitated a moment, then started speaking slowly in Russian.

When she finished, Bulachic turned to Teddy, a former high-school teacher from Holland who was acting as my interpreter, and translated her remarks into German. Teddy, in turn, translated them for me into English.

"Her name is Fedorova Alenpiade, and she is the widow of a Russian soldier killed in Finland," said Teddy. "The Germans came to her village near Rzhev in December 1942 and ordered all able-bodied men, women and children sent to Germany for forced labor. She says she was luckier than most parents of her village because she managed to keep her children with her.

"They were sent to a German Army camp near Schleiden, the *Ordensburg Vogelsang*, which is a Nazi *Fuehrer* training center. She was made to cook for the Germans, and her daughters—Maria, now 17, and Tamara, now 13—had to work in an Army kitchen also. Her son Sergei, who was only 10 at that time, was sent to a nearby farm to work in a garden. But the Germans let him come to see his mother and sisters on some week ends.

"They worked there for two years and two months. It was hard work and long hours, but they were not beaten as some of the others were. Then, on February 6, the Americans captured the town and liberated her and her daughters, and Sergei joined them a few hours later. Then they were sent here."

By "here" was meant the Displaced Persons Center, the official name of a camp operated by the U. S. First Army where hundreds of Hitler's slave-laborers, freed by advancing American forces, are registered, clothed and given medical treatment in their first stop on the road back home. The center, located in classrooms and dormitories of what was formerly a convent school for Belgian girls, is the forerunner of many more such refugee stations which will be established as we move farther into Germany. They will sort out millions of Allied nationals who were torn from their homelands and pressed into slavery by the Nazis.

This particular center is a practical demonstration of Allied cooperation. Its guard detail is composed of 11 Russians, several of them Red Army soldiers who were captured and enslaved by Germans and freed by Americans. The guards wear regular GI uniforms but with identifying red stripes sewed on the sides of their trousers and red stars pinned on their field jackets. The medical staff includes Belgian and Dutch doctors, assisted by Belgian nurses and French MMLA girls, who are the French equivalent of our Wacs. MMLAs also assist the U. S. Army personnel of the camp's administrative staff. They have been with this First Army DPC detachment since soon after D-day in Normandy. Russian, Dutch, Polish and French officers are on the camp liaison staff to look after their respective countrymen.

The bulk of the refugees coming through this station are Russians, Poles, French, Dutch and Belgians. The presence of their countrymen in staff positions at the camp has aided immeasurably in restoring confidence and initiative to the transients. This is the aim of the DPC commander, Capt. Peter Ball of Chicago, Ill. He has found in numerous cases that rehabilitation is necessary before the refugees, so long denied humane treatment by their conquerors, can fully realize that there are such things as kindness and charity left in the world. As another method of restoring their initiative, Capt. Ball, who was an advertising-promotion man for *Vogue* magazine in civilian life, plays on the refugees' patriotism and encourages them to stage shows and folk dances in their own native costume. This goes far toward building up their self-assurance.

French, Dutch and Belgian DPs are cleared and on their way home within two or three days. Russians and Poles stay longer because they must wait for travel parties to be formed for shipment to other DPCs. There they join larger groups for movement to Egypt and the Dardanelles, their route home. So far, the center has handled only one American DP. His father was American, his mother German; he had lived in Cologne but claimed American citizenship. When asked where he wanted to be sent, he chose Germany. He was shipped to a camp for German DPs—but quick.

Although now in Allied hands, the former slave-laborers still eat German food. U. S. Army Civil Affairs regulations require that displaced persons be supplied with captured foodstuffs when possible, rather than with our Army rations. The warehouse here is filled with swastika-stamped bags of sugar, flour and other German food captured by the American troops. Likewise U. S. troops advancing into Germany collect stray cattle whose owners have fled and slaughter them for use at the DPC here and at two camps in Germany which handle German DPs. In fact, even stoves used for cooking at this center are part of captured *Wehrmacht* field kitchens.

THE case histories of recently freed Nazi slaves are an index of the treatment and privations inflicted on once-conquered countries of Europe by Hitler's "master race." For instance, there is Stephania, who was taken from her home in southeastern Poland just before Christmas of 1942 when she was barely 20 years old. Along with five other Polish girls from the same village, she was assigned to work for a German farmer near Malmedy, Belgium. Although not mistreated, they were told they were an inferior race and, as such, unfit to associate socially with Germans. On those grounds, Stephania was never permitted to go to a theater or restaurant or even to church during her two years of servitude.

Gerardi Oberdan, an Italian inmate of the Displaced Persons Center, reads and works in the camp library.

Then there is Josef Przygcemski, a sergeant in the Polish Army when the war started in 1939. This is his story, told in German and translated for me by Teddy, the former Dutch school teacher:

"We fought at Warsaw when the Germans came. After that we continued to fight, even though we had to retreat often. We fought until August 1940, when I was wounded and captured at Lublin. After a year in a PW camp, I was discharged to my home because of my wounds, which would not heal. Four days after I got home there was a *Blutsonntag* (Blood Sunday), when Polish patriots killed several German soldiers, and the Germans slaughtered many Poles in revenge. Because I had been in the Polish Army, the Gestapo came and took me from my bed and put me in prison again. Every morning for 14 days they beat me with a rubber hose because they said I had spoken Polish in defiance of their order that no Pole in my town was to speak his own language. Then they released me again.

"In March 1943, when my wounds had healed, the Germans came again and ordered me to Germany as a slave-laborer. I was dressed in civilian clothes with a purple P in a yellow circle sewed on my chest to show I was Polish. I worked repairing roads that Allied planes had bombed in Berlin, Mannheim, Frankfurt and Colmar. In May 1944 I was sent to St. Malo, France. There the Gestapo treated us better and gave us the uniform of the *Todt* (fortification-construction) organization to wear. But the German commander, Col. von Aulock, the "Mad Colonel of St. Malo," warned the Polish and Russian workers that we would be shot if we tried to escape.

"When the Americans cut off St. Malo in August, von Aulock told us the Americans would shoot us too, and he gave us rifles to defend pill-

Miron Kakimor, a Red Army soldier who had been captured by the Germans, stands guard in the rain.

One of the Belgians who passed through the First Army refugee camp was Joseph Way, 73 years old.

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Konstantin Demidov, Russian guard sergeant who was christened "GI Joe" by the camp's American staff, is a great hand with a guitar. Here he leads a song group.

ask his background is "I Russian GI Joe. I stay fight." That's his explanation for wearing the American ETO Ribbon beneath the Red Star on his shirt. Somebody gave Joe the ETO Ribbon after he had fought all the way from Cherbourg to Germany with the 3d Armored Division. Joe was in the Red Army in 1941, when he was wounded and captured by the Germans. After 2½ years in a PW camp, he was sent to Cherbourg in February 1944 to build pillbox defenses. He had been captured during the fighting around Villedieu and joined the U. S. armored outfit.

Among his other talents, Joe is an accomplished guitarist and he stages impromptu recitals for the benefit of all visitors to the DPC. His repertoire, while including a few old Russian songs, consists largely of new Soviet songs like "Horses of Steel" and "The Partisans' March."

While her Belgian mother looks on, Elfreda Dosquet, 2 years old, has her weight checked by Dr. Jane Thonus, a member of the DPC medical staff.

boxes. But two other Polish boys and I found out where the U. S. lines were on August 11, and we slipped through and joined the 83d Division. On August 17, the Americans asked me to broadcast to the garrison in Polish and German to tell them to surrender by 3 P.M. or American planes would wipe them out. White flags appeared at two pillboxes after I spoke, but other Germans would not let the ones who wished to surrender come out. At 3 P.M. the American planes came over and von Aulock surrendered. After that, I fought with the 83d Division for five months—up to Huertgen Forest. So now I am on my way back to Poland, where I will join the Polish Army and fight the Germans again."

Lt. Bulachic, the Russian liaison officer, was captured at Smolensk in 1942. He was sent to Belgium to work in coal mines and later to Aachen as a farm laborer. There he was closely guarded until the Americans pushed into Germany in September 1944. All foreign laborers were ordered to move back into the Reich by the then-frantic Germans, but Bulachic evaded them and remained in hiding until the Yanks took Aachen. Now the Russian lieutenant serves on the DPC staff, handling other refugees from his country. He wears the complete American uniform, his only Russian identification being the red U.S.S.R. shoulder patch on his field jacket and the Red Star on his lapel.

Teddy, the Dutch interpreter, who must remain anonymous because he has relatives in occupied Holland, translated one interview for me which evidently pleased him very much. It was with a fellow Hollander who, like himself, had been a member of the Dutch underground. A character right off an old-fashioned windmill calendar, he was a blond, blue-eyed six-footer.

"The Nazis arrested him several times on suspicion of sabotage but could not prove him guilty," Teddy recounted. "He had set fire to their automobile plant and sunk their barges in the canal. Finally he was arrested on charges of being *volksschaedlich*—that is, an enemy of the German people because he had political thoughts against the Nazis. That is what you Americans call, I think, 'trumped-up charges,' but they sentenced him to four years in jail on them.

"He was sent to work in Aachen, to help repair buildings which had been damaged by Allied air attacks. When Allied planes attacked Aachen, the German guards took revenge on their prisoners by beating them and cutting down on their food. The prisoners were treated very badly and forced to work 16 hours every day. For that they were supposed to be paid one mark and 20 pfennigs weekly, which is about 38 cents. The Germans said they would hold the money until the prisoners were released.

"This man never collected his money. After 18 months, he escaped and hid until the American troops liberated the town where he was staying. He was sent to the DPC, and Capt. Ball liked him and asked him to stay on as a labor foreman of the camp."

"There are two other Dutch boys on the staff here," Teddy continued. "One is the assistant to the Dutch liaison officer, and the other is a medical student who works in the dispensary. These other two came like me and joined the American 30th Division when it liberated our section of Holland. Then we joined the DPC staff as the next-best place we could help the Allied cause."

The DPC's No. 1 resident and unofficial goodwill ambassador is Konstantin Demidov, a sergeant of the Russian Guard. Rechristened "GI Joe" by the American staff, he is a husky, laughing-eyed Estonian whose stock answer when you The one that gets the biggest applause from his American audiences is his version of a hillbilly favorite taught him by some North Carolina GIs in the 3d Armored Division. It's "The Red River Valley," and the lyrics are sung in Estonian with a twang that would get Joe a spot on the National Barn Dance any Saturday night.

THERE was one incongruous feature that stood out above all others in this international house of newborn hopes. It stood out above the slowly comprehending eyes of the bearded Polish peasants to whom despair has become an accepted heritage, above the grim determination of the Russian soldiers who wanted to get back to killing Germans, above the laughing faces of Czechoslovakian children raised in slavery who were experiencing humane treatment for the first time in their lives. It was the ironic twist that these Poles and Russians and Dutch, having escaped German enslavement, are still speaking German —using it as their only mutual language.

I spoke to Teddy, the Dutch interpreter, about this fact, pointing out that most of our interviews had been conducted in German and regretting that such a mark of Nazi occupation had been imprinted on now-liberated countries.

"Yes," he said, "it is true they could make us learn and speak German. But they could not make us all think German. That is why they failed."

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

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This Week's Cover

DURING a lull in the fighting for the Burma Road north of Lashio, Cpl. William H. Castleberry of Briggsville, Ark., compares pipes with a Chinese native, who lives in the hills nearby.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Signal Corps. 2, 3 & 4—Pvt. George Aarons. 6 & 7—Signal Corps. 8—INP. 9—Upper & lower left, PA; lower right, Acme. 10—Signal Corps. 12—Upper, Signal Corps; lower, PA. 13—Signal Corps. 15—Upper left, 2d Ferrying Group; center left, INP; lower left, Acme; lower center, Cpl. Vic Herman. 16 & 17—Sgt. Reg Kenny. 18—Conde Nast Publications Inc. 20—MGM. 21—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 23—Upper, PA; lower, Signal Corps.

Brooklyn

Dear YANK:

Through all the months that I have been reading YANK and looking at that *Home Towns in Wartime* feature, I have awaited just one thing. Suddenly there it was, in all its glory—Brooklyn! And, where in Brooklyn? My neighborhood! Borough Hall with its old tower and the noontime bell. The Tivoli, the first movie house I ever went to; the Star, my second home—where I cut classes and invested my carfare in a ticket for a front-row seat. Fulton Street, with the Milk Bar on the corner—strange without its El, but still Fulton!

The *Citizen* scoreboard, where I amazed and infuriated many a Dodger rooter by cheering for a Giant score. And that spot where the building comes up to a corner, where they'd bang up the baseball diamond to re-enact the World Series and all-star ball games. Kennedy's bar, and Gallagher's, where I took my first tottering steps down the road to alcoholism. The old fire house, with its long, odd shape and the big, grand G-E building which all Brooklynites point out with pride. Luna Park, grandpop of all amusement parks.

No kidding, though, it was really a thrill. Despite the kidding the old borough takes from radio comics—and despite the undeniable whackiness of daily routine there—you still get a certain attachment for the old place that you don't feel anywhere else in the world, and that two-page spread in YANK brought it all back to me.

Thanks a lot from a really grateful GI. We don't have pin-ups on our walls here, but Linda Darnell is coming off the inner top of my foot locker as of now and up goes Brooklyn!

Camp Howze, Tex. —Pvt. DICK CAVALLI

Dear YANK:

Just read your latest edition and found lots of humor and news from my home town of Brooklyn. But reading it to the boys in our hut, it touched a sore spot. In it it stated that more than 280,000 Brooklynites are in the armed forces, more than any of 39 entire states have given to the war. Some boys from Texas thought this as a lot of hooey, especially when it comes from Brooklyn. So how about giving us the dope? Who leads who and in what order? These guys around here claim Texas is third. I say yes, after Brooklyn. Tell President Cashmore I'm holding his end up and he better be right.

Germany —Sgt. ELMER J. PEREZ

■ Official figures give six states the lead over Brooklyn, in the order named: New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, California, Texas, Michigan.

Dear YANK:

Even though the Brooklyn Dodgers were 42 games behind, they are still the best team in both leagues. Also I would like to remind you that the Dodgers come from Flatbush, a section which you did not mention in your article.

We are not feuding with the borough of Manhattan; most of our trouble has come from the borough of the Bronx. . . .

Lake Lure N. C. —Cpl. DONALD SPEISMAN

Dear YANK:

In your article on Brooklyn, N. Y., you mentioned about what the Brooklyn girls think of us Bronx fellows. Well, I don't know if you are from Brooklyn or where, but as far as I'm concerned I wouldn't be seen with a girl from Brooklyn on any account. . . . From what I've seen of Brooklyn they can give it back to the Indians. And as for making Brooklyn a different state, I'm all for it. . . .

Why don't Brooklynites be quiet like the people from Staten Island? . . .

Keesler Field, Miss. —Pvt. I. H. WOLFSON*

*Also signed by Pvt. A. Kaplan.

7th Division

Dear YANK:

One thing we would like to know is, what's going to happen to the 7th Division? Here we are out here in the Philippines with three major battles to our credit, 22 months overseas and probably some more coming, and yet when we pick up YANK we see where fellows are crying for furloughs for being overseas so long. They should be glad to be in places like Alaska, Hollandia and lots of other places where they don't have to sweat out Japs shooting at you every part of the night and sweat out your next beachheads.

Sure, there are lots of outfits who have longer overseas service than the 7th, but have they seen as much action as them? If they have, they weren't in on the real thing, and that's making the beachhead.

. . . Before this is over with, the 7th Division will have a small amount of its original men which they left the States with. I wish the higher-ups will realize this and leave the 7th alone. There are lots of trained troops back in the States looking for glory and action. I know the 7th doesn't want any part of it.

Philippines —Pfc. JOHN ZAKOWSKI

Top-Turret Pin-Up

Dear YANK:

. . . We are always for pin-ups, yours especially, but we feel that your picture of Selena Mahri isn't what we consider the complete pin-up. Not that we do not fully appreciate the very lovely face of

Miss Mahri. That we do, but to us Air Corps GIs that is like seeing the top turret of a plane without the fuselage, landing gear or anything else attached.

In other words, we want to see all or, so to speak, nothing at all. Not just the face, but everything that goes with it. . . . How about a full-length photo?

Marianas —Cpl. MORRIS K. DYER*

*Also signed by three others.

■ Here it is. Satisfied?

Scandal Sheets

Dear YANK:

During the recent days the newspapers here have been making a nice "splash" about the trials of the soldiers accused of ration and cigarette thefts. It surely seems like they take a special pleasure in becoming scandal sheets like many papers in the States. We enlisted men of the 716th Railway Operation Battalion are darned proud of the outfit and resent the constant mention of the unit's name. Is it necessary for the name of the outfit to be constantly dragged through the mud just because of some of the mistakes some of the boys may have made? Why hasn't any mention been made of the swell record the 716th rolled up moving troops, materiel and supplies to the front?

The statement made before the court by one of the accused that we were sent out on the road with no food and no arrangements for rest still prevails. Some of the crews have recently made trips to places where they have had to buy food with money out of their own pockets, or go hungry, and sleep wherever they could find a place. Everywhere we go we hear smart cracks about the "million-dollar outfit" being in with other "racketeers," and yet there is no reason whatever for the insinuations.

Many of us never were railroad men, but we think we have done a darn good job as such and are very proud of the 716th and the record it has made. There are probably just as many "thieves" in other outfits handling rations and supplies and yet the CID seems to have singled out the 716th as its chief target. If not, then let them blast the name of every outfit involved all over the papers, so our folks at home will not read only about our outfit's crimes. . . .

France —EM of Company C

Gimme, Gimme, Gimme

Dear YANK:

Pfc. Pay Day wants $250 clothing credit after being discharged. Cpl. Day Room wants $1,000 bonus instead of the $200 or $300 that is promised. Pvt. Gus Aircorps wants 20-percent overseas pay after arriving back in the good old United States. Sgt. Joe Footlocker is trying to get in on the Dutch Bonus. Pvt. Steady KP, who had all his teeth pulled trying to keep out of the Army but was drafted anyway, wants the Army to replace them with gold ones.

This is an example of what you read every week in YANK. I am Regular Army (one of those who they say couldn't find a job in civilian life) who is willing to start from scratch after the war and look for a job in a bathing suit if I have to. I have never talked to a Selective Service man yet who didn't own his own home, a 1946 auto and have a white-collar job waiting for him, so why don't you guys who write this stuff in to YANK stop your crying?

Aphrata AAB, Wash. —Pvt. DALE L. VOGLER

World Peace Organization

Dear YANK:

The League of Nations was organized with the purpose of forming a permanent peace. Let us not make that mistake again. War is inevitable, as history so aptly proves. With that fact in mind, let us create an organization for the settling of disputes, the controlling of coalitions and all other factors which have a direct bearing on the ability of a country or faction to wage war. The purpose will be to maintain peace as long as it is practical and logical.

The organization should have the power to rule with an iron hand. Appeasement is out. They should have power and force to take action immediately against any movement that shows the slightest threat to what we are today fighting for. It should stamp out the threats before they develop into an actual challenge, and thereby prevent a repetition of the tragic situation that has confronted the world of today.

The organization must be invested with large powers to be effective. Therefore, there should be a method of controlling it to prevent it from becoming an absolute power. I can think of no better method than modeling the organization after our own democratic government with the substituted statement, "Of the countries, by the countries and for the countries."

Italy —Sgt. MELVIN KOEHN

A-Shoes, B-Shoes

Dear YANK:

The boy in the Army three years should have an answer to his "Alternating Shoes" problem referred to recently in *Mail Call*. [The problem: If a man is supposed to wear his A-shoes on odd-numbered days of the month and his B-shoes on even-numbered days, and is supposed to change shoes every day, what does he do when the month has 31 days and he runs into two odd-numbered days in a row?—*Ed.*]

The order can be complied with and both shoes and strings will wear longer as well as be more comfortable. Change shoes every day. On that 31-day month, wear the cross-laced shoes on the 31st. On the 1st, the next day, put on the other pair of shoes and change the laces to cross-laced. Don't forget to change the

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laces in the other shoes worn on the 31st.

There's a reason for the orders in this man's Army, and compliance with details is possible in nearly every case.

Santa Ana, Calif. —**Capt. PAUL S. CHANCE**

Dear YANK:

. . . We can understand the reason for the change of shoes—so they may dry out; but what we want to know is, just who in the hell's idea is it that the shoes be laced differently and is there a regulation regarding same?

The insteps of one pair of our shoes are painted yellow, so as to know which pair of shoes to wear on what day, but now there is a notice on our bulletin board with a cartoon from YANK attached, stating that the shoes be laced accordingly. As long as one pair was painted yellow in the instep, so as to distinguish one from the other, just why the idea of different lacing? . . .

Perhaps they would soon tell us which hand to place the toilet paper in. Kindly give us the lowdown on this deal.

Camp Livingston, La. —**(Names Withheld)**

Mrs. GI Joe

Dear YANK:

With unions setting forth the argument that the cost-of-living index has risen and that their members are entitled to increases in salary to offset this advance, I am wondering who is going to take up the cause of Mrs. GI Joe. A good many of the men in the armed forces are married and not all of the wives are in a position to work. If the cost of living has risen to the extent claimed, then it has also risen for Mrs. GI Joe and is a definite hardship on her. It seems her allotment is the only thing that has remained static.

Don't you think GI Joe, who already is shouldering his burden, is being discriminated against?

Panama —**Pfc. HERMAN SCHWARTZ**

Discharge (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

In reading of all the consideration given for discharge status, I would like to know what and how much credit is being given to these men who were former National Guardsmen. To me it seems more than logical that National Guards serving previous to the outbreak of war should be given a nominal amount of consideration for discharge. I have never read of any allowance or credit made for this service. Many of us were in the lower-age group and were relieved of our chance for an education, which in the course of four or five years or longer will naturally curb our desire to return to school with the younger masses.

—**Pvt. CHARLIE F. ROSS**

Netherlands East Indies

Stuck in the States

Dear YANK:

In past issues of YANK, several GIs were complaining about some of the GIs who are still in the States after being in the Army for two or more years. Well, I am one of them. I joined the Army for a three-year hitch in 1940. I haven't been overseas. It is not because I don't want to go overseas; it seems that the Army thinks different.

I tried to volunteer twice in the last four years. Each time, I was an essential man or they wouldn't take rated men.

The other day, I was given a physical profile. My number was 3111D (I don't know what it means and nobody else does here). A year ago, I also took an exam and was put in D classification because my left foot has a double bone structure which looks like a double ankle bone. Here's the funny part—I came in the Army over 4½ years ago in the same condition. What gives? It seems like they were taking 4-Fs in 1940. I have been a cook until a year ago. I used to stand on my feet several hours a day. My foot didn't bother me. It should have been a sort of test. Now I am a mess sergeant in a Kraut camp.

The other day, a telegram came to this post asking for volunteers for noncombat duties overseas. I was told today I wasn't accepted. I asked why; they couldn't give any reason but that all the required positions were fulfilled. It seems like they should give a GI with over four years' service in this country a chance first. But somebody doesn't think so.

I feel that being 24 years of age, not married and with no family ties, I should at least be over doing a noncombat job. I am sure that there are several GIs who would like to trade places with me who have families and have spent their share of time over there.

How do you think I feel when some GI who has been overseas for two years asks me how long I have been in? When I tell him almost five years, he just looks at me and walks away when he finds out I have always been in the U. S. I hope you publish this letter because other GIs have said the same to me. . . .

—**T-4 ROBERT SANDERS**

PW Camp, Coolidge, Ariz.

Purple Heart

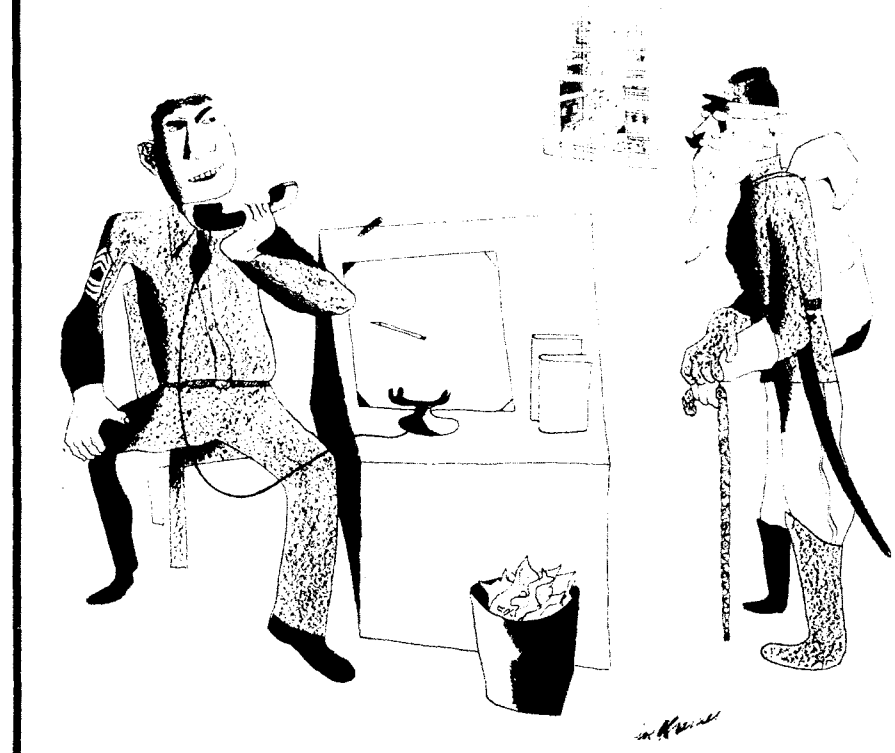
Dear YANK:

. . . There must be something radically wrong with the system presently used to determine who should be entitled to the award of the Purple Heart. We have an officer who received a Purple Heart for a scratch received in his mad scramble for cover during an enemy strafing raid on an object about five miles away from him. At his own request, he was shown on the morning report five days later when he realized that, being an officer, he might be able to promote himself a Purple Heart.

His injury was described as a two-inch abrasion on the forehead, for which he definitely was not hospitalized. The medical treatment necessary to pull this officer through his crisis consisted of a square pad of gauze held on with adhesive tape which was removed the next day, as recovery seemed complete.

The award of the Purple Heart in this case is a direct insult to the many men who have earned Purple Hearts in the past and will continue to earn them in the future. Definite steps should be taken by the War Department to see that such unearned decorations are not awarded in the future.

Marianas Islands —**(Name Withheld)**



"And he says he was to have been discharged in 1865."

Regular Army

Dear YANK:

The *Army and Navy Journal* for Jan. 27 carried an article that is of vital importance to every Regular Army officer and enlisted man in the service today. On page 663, columns 2 and 3, is a motion put forward to Congress by Rep. Bennett of Missouri:

"H.R. 1644. Rep. Bennett, Mo. To grant all commissioned officers and enlisted men of the Regular Establishment who remain in active service after the present war a permanent appointment in the highest rank held during the war and to advance them one grade just prior to retirement from active service. Double time for present war service shall be credited for determining right to retirement."

We, the Regular Army personnel of this airbase, would appreciate it very much if YANK would print this letter and invite comment from Regular Army throughout the world.

Millville, N. J. —**S/Sgt. JOHN J. RIDDELL***

***Also signed by 48 other men.**

Navy Overseas Stripe

Dear YANK:

I see that the Army has what they call overseas stripes now, and has had for some time. How about the Navy? We deserve them just as much as anyone. Give one something—give it to all.

Aleutians —**H. L. ANDERSON EM3c**

Silly Servicemen

Dear YANK:

Just finished hearing a radio program tonight called "Ladies, Be Seated" and kind of got my dander up after the following incident. One of the big laugh stunts had a couple of servicemen who both donned baby bonnets and sucked milk from a bottle with a nipple on, the one who finished first to get $50.

Well, sir, I don't remember which one won the contest, but what really made me blow my top was that a couple of men in uniform would have so little consideration or tact for their respective branches of service as to act the part of fools in front of a bunch of old bags who themselves could do something more vital to the war effort than to take part in silly radio shows. This is only one of the many programs where they have servicemen act the idiot. I've heard and seen more.

No wonder the German, Jap and others think we're softies. After stuff like this, we should expect it. In European countries soldiers are looked up to with pride, or at least they're treated like soldiers, because they act like men. Here, it seems, people take us for a bunch of apple-knockers and suckers, mostly because guys like the two on that program play the clown. Let's clamp down on this belittling-the-uniform stuff till after the war. Then we can roll up our pants and go wading in the water with the rest of the kids or halfwits.

—**Pvt. JOSEPH MILLER**

Municipal Airport, Memphis, Tenn.

Machine-Gun Belts

Dear YANK:

. . . Who, may I ask, got the conniption fit not too long ago and started the brilliant idea of cloth belts for .50-caliber machine gun bullets? Who let them go through with anything so idiotic? . . .

There is nothing like the metal links, and we want them back. The shells won't even stay in the cloth belt when it is being handled. We won't even try to mention the mess when you try firing them.

We're still getting by, however, as we can throw the shells rather accurately now, as we have practiced up on it. But we are starting to have Dizzy Dean trouble with our arms from it. We'd much rather use the guns for firing the bullets as I'm sure they were built for that purpose. . . .

Germany —**Pvt. LEONARD JOHNSON***

***Also signed by seven others.**

Civil Service

Dear YANK:

Here is an item that might arouse interest of other readers of *Mail Call* who intend to go into Civil Service after the war. How about introducing a bill in Congress whereby time spent in the armed forces would count toward retirement in Civil Service? The four years I've spent in the Navy (I'll undoubtedly have more before I get out!) would really mean a lot some 20 years from now.

Pacific —**G. F. DE MARRAIS ARM1c**

Cute Censors

Dear YANK:

I have returned from overseas, so I am speaking for the boys I left over there.

Before we left to go overseas, the censorship officer told us there would be only one censor, and that he wasn't supposed to mention anything that he had read in letters, but when we got overseas they couldn't act decent about it. All four of the company officers had to censor the mail.

It makes a guy feel pretty funny to pass the officers' tent and see them all sitting around the table censoring mail and laughing to each other about what they have read. It makes the guy think it might be his letter they're laughing at.

I don't suppose there is anything to be done about it, but then we think it's pretty low for all the officers to read what a man writes home. . . .

—**(Name Withheld)**

Army-Navy General Hospital, Hot Springs, Ark.

How Dry

Dear YANK:

This one is cute. We get a pass to go to town and it is dry. But there, in this same town, is a sergeants' club for rear-echelon troops that serves beer for members only. That is all right, but those GI yokels stand in the window drinking this stuff and we who are fortunate enough to be in a live outfit have to go around with our tongues hanging out.

Germany —**S/Sgt. HERMAN MACK**

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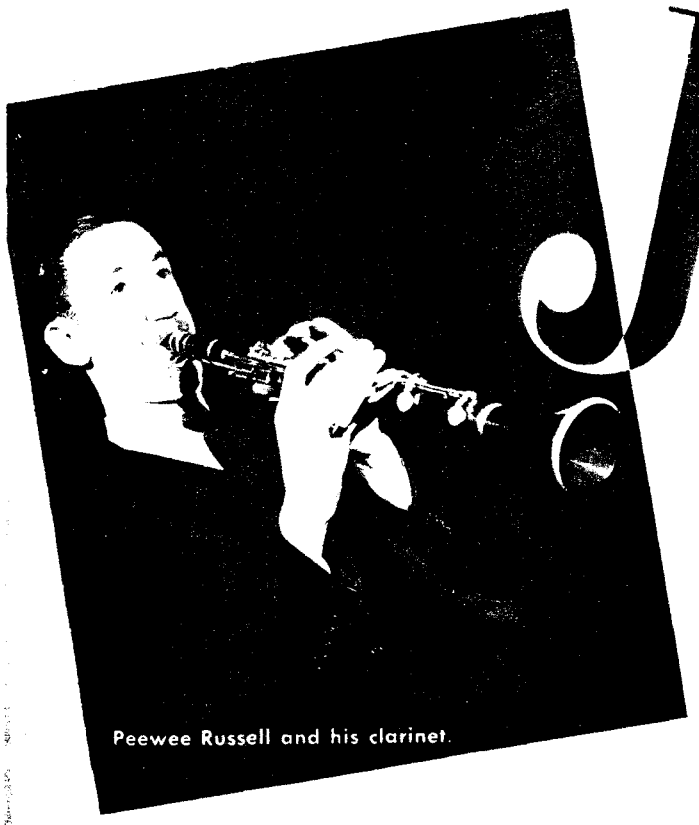
Jazz



Peewee Russell and his clarinet.

Popular music back home hasn't changed much. The same familiar bands play the new hit tunes.

By Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Writer

WHEN a critic in the New York *Herald Tribune* panned Benny Goodman's clarinet playing as "flashy" and "commercial," a neighborly critic in Chicago's *Down Beat* magazine promptly panned the *Trib* man for making the "most asinine remark of the year."

None of which is of any great importance; it is simply typical of the growing popularity of jazz. This popularity is so great now that jazz lovers, who used to stand together ruggedly against the classicists of music, have now split into two fairly large warring camps. One school will listen to nothing but small, spontaneous "Dixieland" combinations; the other favors larger groups and more complicated arrangements.

Such stalwarts of the Dixieland school as trumpetman Muggsy Spanier have gone so far as to forcibly eject (that is, throw out on the can) anti-Dixieland critics from Nick's combination jazz shrine and night club in New York. The anti-Dixieland critics go about their own brand of mayhem by writing polite and poisonous articles inferring that all Dixieland musicians refuse even to share kennel space with their mothers.

Fortunately nobody is getting hurt, no blood is being shed, no bones are being broken and the great majority of the jazz musicians you used to like to listen to—dancing or swaying in front of the bandstand with your girl—are still making music. The battle is mostly one of fans and critics.

The leading big bands now are Woody Herman's, Duke Ellington's and Lionel Hampton's. Benny Goodman, who broke up his own band for the umpteenth time, is a featured performer in Billy Rose's super revue, "The Seven Lively Arts," but the maestro is said to be thinking of turning over his Rose job to Raymond Scott and making another stab at the band business.

Ellington has been the stand-out of the year. The Duke, whose "Mood Indigo" you hummed 10 years ago, is going strong both as a composer and a musician. He won the Gold Medal jazz award for 1945, presented by *Esquire* magazine, and accepted it at a concert with all the trimmings at New York's Carnegie Hall.

The Duke's Carnegie concert—the whole length of the stage back of the band was packed with servicemen—was a peculiar combination of straight jazz and jazz dolled up symphony style, presumably for the occasion. The audience—all ages, all sizes—seemed happiest listening to oldies like "It Don't Mean a Thing, If It Ain't Got That Swing" and new popular tunes like "Don't You Know I Care?" They got a little fidgety when the Duke launched into more pretentious numbers—a "Perfume Suite" and excerpts from a musical history of the Negro race, "Black, Brown and Beige." Altogether, though, it was a solid performance, and the Duke showed that his band could absorb the loss of men like Cootie Williams (trumpet, now on his own) and Juan Tizol (valve trombone, now with Harry James) without any serious effect.

Other recent jazz doings at Carnegie Hall have been the concerts of Eddie Condon, dean of Dixieland. Eddie has been making a shambles of the sacred stage of Carnegie since three years ago when he first featured the late Thomas (Fats) Waller on the piano. He draws a less respectful crowd than Ellington, but they represent much the same cross section, maybe this time with their wraps off. There is the same seasoning of GIs in the house, and a few of them sit in with the various combinations Eddie whips together.

The Condon concerts are a very exceptional grab bag out of which Eddie plucks a few choice items—Cliff Jackson on piano, Max Kaminsky on trumpet, Kansas Fields (in Navy blues) on drums, Lou McGarity (another sailor) on trombone and Bob Haggart on bass. Eddie introduces the boys, announces the number to be played, gives a "one, two, three" and settles down to playing with them and his guitar. As soon as one number is finished, Eddie, his bow tie fluttering like the antennae of a rare butterfly, pulls an entirely different group of hot artists out of the grab bag and starts a new number.

The whole business is impromptu and fresh. Condon keeps his selections strictly on the Dixie side—"Muskrat Ramble," "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate" and suchlike—with a breezy assumption that, if you don't like it, what the hell are you doing at his concert in the first place? His audiences like it and Carnegie shudders, particularly at moments like the last number of his January series when he had three drums, five trumpets, four trombones, three clarinets, four saxes, two pianos, three basses and Lord knows what all else blasting the rafters and the customers at once.

THESE concert appearances were, naturally, high spots and unusual spots in current jazz. Most people still get their jazz as they always did, in ballrooms and night clubs, flavored with the cigarette smoke and the stale drink smell that are almost a part of the music, or from the radio switched on automatically while dressing in the morning or washing the dishes in the evening, or from the juke boxes in bars and drug stores.

The names of the bands in the ballrooms and the clubs are almost the same as the names you saw three and even four years ago. Hal McIntyre, for example, is playing in Chicago and Freddy Martin in Los Angeles. Jerry Wald, who got into big time only a few years ago, is in New York, and so are Jimmy Dorsey, Tommy Dorsey, Erskine Hawkins and, inevitably, Guy Lombardo. Vaughn Monroe is at the Palladium in Hollywood and Woody Herman is at New Jersey's famous Meadowbrook. Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, Muggsy Spanier and Bob Casey are the drawing cards at Nick's in New York, though at this writing Miff is laid up in the hospital.

One reason all these band names are so familiar and no really new band has come into the limelight is the war. Most of the younger musicians are fingering BARs instead of clarinets, and even those who have hung onto their instruments are tootling them in service bands. One of the newest individual stars is Lou McGarity of the Navy, who still gets an occasional chance to slide his trombone at jam sessions. He plays a strong masculine style, a little like George Brunis (now back with Ted Lewis in Chicago) but without George's clowning.

One new band, launched about a month ago, draws heavily on ex-service musicians. Ray Beauduc, drummer, and Gil Rodin, sax, who served together in the old Ben Pollack band, in Bob Crosby's Bobcats and in the Coast Artillery, hatched this new combo after they were discharged. Gil was thought to be the main organizing brain of the Crosby crew and plays the same role here. He is handling sax for a while but is expected to drop out and concentrate on management once things get rolling. Beauduc's name will be a big draw to fans who remember "Rampart Street Parade" and "Big Noise From Winnetka." The rest of the band is mostly discharged GIs who got their training in camp orchestras and bands. As long as they can resist the impulse to give out with a hot "Retreat" or "To the Colors" they should catch on.

WHERE you will find new names is in the list of song titles all these bands are playing. Screwiness has always been a trade-mark of hit tunes from "The Music Goes Round and Around" to "Mairzy Doats," and the present hit parade is no exception.

The Andrews Sisters launched a number called "Rum and Coca-Cola" which is leading popularity lists everywhere except in the radio bracket. One reason for this is that, outside record programs, nobody in radio seems to want to give Coca-Cola free advertising. The song is a calypso-type rhythm, modeled on ditties of Trinidad, and in some versions it gets very sexy indeed. Caribbean GIs will understand.

"Don't Fence Me In," a Cole Porter Western introduced by Bing Crosby, is another leader. And "Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate the Positive," a moral lesson by Johnny Mercer, is going strong. The squirreliest of current juke-box hits is Spike Jones' "Cocktails for Two," the roughest treatment that sentimental ballad ever got. The Jones version has been popular on the air for some time. Now that you can buy records once more, since the lifting of the recording ban by Musicians' Union leader James Petrillo, it's a retail best seller.

On the conventional and romantic side, the songs you would be most likely to put on your turntable just before you dim the lights on your honey are "Let's Take the Long Way Home" (which has nothing to do with military rotation) and "A Little on the Lonely Side." There are also "I Dream of You," "Saturday Night Is the Loneliest Night in the Week" and "I'm Making Believe." All of these, as you might expect, are chiefly suitable for humming into young girls' ears or for being hummed into your ears by young girls, preferably one at a time.

Just to restore sanity there is a catchy thing entitled "One Meat Ball," all about a man who has only 15 cents and can't get a slice of bread to go with his meat ball in a snotty restaurant. Try this one in your mess sergeant's ears. Some of the little Dixieland bands play "One Meat Ball" and some of the big-name bands play it, and the customers like both of them.

Meanwhile the critics continue to fight over What Is Jazz? and the increasing bitterness of their verbal battling is about the only outstanding change you'll find in jazz as it is this minute.

IN a general way, that smile, brother, is for you. The great pity is that we can't show you the color of Lucille Ball's famous blue eyes and strawberry-red hair to go with it. A few vital statistics: she is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, was born in Butte, Mont., and thinks Bette Davis is the best actress in Hollywood. Her next starring role will be in MGM's "Without Love."

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EUROPE FROM MEMORY

—T-4 Peter Burchard, Brooklyn Army Base, N. Y.

Two Promoted

Deserving second lieutenants may now be promoted to first lieutenancy without waiting for an authorized vacancy. A new WD policy makes that advancement possible for any second lieutenant who has been 18 months or longer in that grade. The same policy was already in effect for privates, authorizing their promotion to pfc under similar circumstances.

—*Strictly GI*, YANK.

THE private and the lieutenant took seats at the bar at the same time. They hadn't come in together, but they started a conversation almost immediately.

"I'm celebrating," said the lieutenant, not too enthusiastically.

The private didn't really give a damn what the lieutenant said, since he'd just got off 16 hours of KP and he was thirsting for a drink. But he thought he'd be sociable.

"So am I," he replied.

"Promotion?" asked the louey, eyeing the private's undecorated sleeve.

"Promotion," said the private.

"Corporal or sergeant?" asked the looey.

"Just pfc, but I haven't had time to sew the stripe on."

"Mine's a promotion, too," said the lieutenant.

The private felt a little loose after his double shot, so he didn't mind getting familiar. "I was just beginning to wonder," he said, "whether that was a well-blitzed gold bar or a new silver one."

"Just a well-blitzed gold one," said the louey. "The only consolation I got out of being a second lieutenant for 29 months. People always took me for a first, anyway, and now I don't even have to buy new bars."

The private lit a cigarette and held a match for the lieutenant.

"I think they've made a mistake," said the private, flicking a bit of potato peel out from under a fingernail. "I don't think I'll be able to hold up under the responsibilities. I was resigned to my job as a permanent KP. It was very nice not having to tell other people what to do. And then today they come in the kitchen and tell me all privates who've been in grade for a year or more are automatically made pfcs. I've been a private for over four years. At first the shock was almost too much to bear. The first thing I did was to send a cable to my wife. She's a first lieutenant in the WAC in Italy.

"I thought I could go back to my potato peeling but no, they gave me a new job right away. Now I have to count the eyes in each potato, enter it on a Quartermaster form and then turn the potato over to a private who's taken over my peeling job. I hate paper work too."

"I know," said the lieutenant. "My promotion was automatic, too. I can't say I was too happy out on the rifle range, but it had its good points. I had a nice crew of fellows with me, and all we had to do was paste up holes in the targets. I kept the brushes clean and took care of requisitioning the paste. Sometimes I even mixed the stuff for the boys when they were too busy. Now that I've been promoted, I have a new job, too. I have to see that all the empty shells are picked up and accounted for. Lots of paper work to that too, and I hate like hell to leave the crowd back behind the targets."

"Seems like they just won't let you alone in the Army," said the private.

"Just won't let you alone," said the lieutenant. "I don't need the extra 16 bucks a month, especially if it means I got to give up my friends."

"I don't need the four," said the private. "My wife gives me an allowance."

"They shouldn't have done it to us," said the lieutenant, sighing heavily.

"They shouldn't have done it," said the private.

Recruiting Office, Detroit, Mich. —S/Sgt. GORDON CROWE

PX

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AFTER DOROTHY PARKER

A service dance is not much fun
With dancing ratio ten to one.

Camp Rucker, Ala. —Pvt. GENE WIERBACH

THE SOLDIER

In his hands he holds
The key of destiny.
His strength, his burdened back,
The plodding stubbornness of his feet
Are factors which determine how
The panting fires of humanity
Will be set ablaze.

To him all eyes are turned.
Dreamers, builders, yea, even the lowest and the mean
Watch breathlessly his march.
If he should fall, he takes with him
The glories of a priceless past,
Children's hopes, security of the old,
Mothers' prayers, the beauty of all work,
Visions of a future throbbing
In every heart.

And because
In him lies everything,
With him goes all we have,
And all that we shall know.
He is the prince of peace who fights to build
Our paths into the treasured realms
Of earthly happiness.

Fletcher General Hospital, Ohio —Sgt. JOSEPHINE PAGLIAI

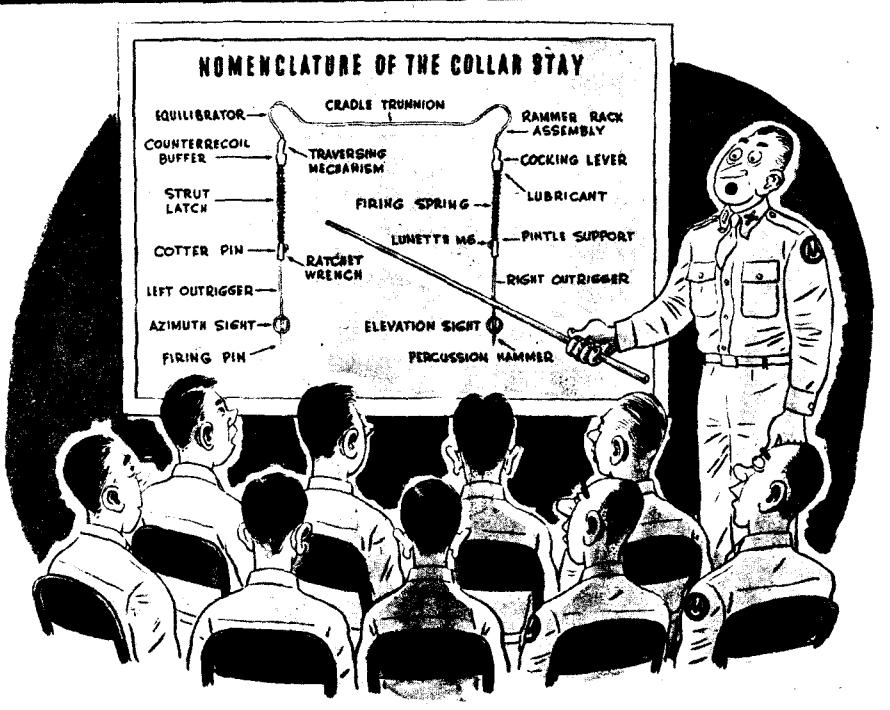
SIDELINE QUARTERBACKS

I lift my fingers,
I extend my thumb
At those who beat
The martial drum

From the apparent safety
Of a room
Quite alien to a
Martial doom.

AAFTAC, Orlando, Fla. —Sgt. KEITH B. CAMPBELL

"You'd be surprised the food it saves me."
—Pfc. Jon Kennedy, Camp Robinson, Ark.



"At our next lecture we will take up the advanced study of the belt buckle."
—Pvt. Sidney Landi, Fort Bliss, Tex.

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Bob Quinn, succeeded as general manager of the Braves by son John, goes over paper work with him.

SPORTS: *Bob Quinn Looks Back on His 54 Rugged Years in Baseball*

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN

WHEN the late Phil Ball offered Bob Quinn a job as business manager of the St. Louis Browns back in 1917, he wrote him: "There's really nothing to the job. All you need is bunk and bluff." It was typical of Quinn, who recently celebrated his 75th birthday by resigning as president and general manager of the Boston Braves, that he wrote back: "I am very sorry, but I don't qualify for your job. I have never practiced bunk or bluff in my life." Ball liked the letter and hired Quinn away from the Columbus club of the American Association. They were together until 1923, when Bob formed a syndicate and purchased the Red Sox.

"That was the biggest mistake of my life," Quinn told the sportswriters who attended his birthday party. "I should have stayed in St. Louis."

His connection with the Red Sox was the unhappiest period of his 54 years in organized baseball. Rain washed out the Sunday double-headers, the bleachers burned, his financial backer died, and Ed Morris, one of his star pitchers, was killed in a brawl while Bob was considering a $100,000 offer for him from the Yankees. Before he sold the club to Tom Yawkey on April 20, 1933, Quinn hocked his life insurance so he could take the team South for spring training.

He spent the 1933 season with the Reading club of the New York-Penn League before he got a chance to return to the big leagues to reorganize the Brooklyn Dodgers. Quinn, who is a rather conservative gentleman, felt out of place in the daffy atmosphere of Ebbets Field. He jumped at a chance in 1936 to go back to Boston as president and general manager of the Braves when C. F. Adams, owner of the Suffolk Downs Race Track, took over from Judge Emil Fuchs [illegible] payment [illegible] loans. The late Judge Landis wasn't very happy about letting a race-track owner like Adams into baseball, but there wasn't anything he could do about it except demand that an honest and respected baseball man be hired to run the club. Quinn was the logical choice because he fitted those requirements perfectly and was held in high esteem by the Boston baseball public. Eventually he was able to organize a syndicate which bought the Braves from Adams.

Bob had less trouble with hold-outs than any executive in baseball. He insisted on paying players what he thought they were worth—and in some cases that wasn't much—and sometimes he traded them rather than ask them to take it. When Urban Shocker, then a rookie pitcher, became a 20-game winner with the Browns, Quinn walked into Phil Ball's office and said, "I want your approval for a $2,000 bonus for Shocker." "A bonus?" said Ball. "What are you trying to do, be generous?" "Not generous," growled Quinn, "just honest."

If Bob has any vanity it is about his hands. Although he was a catcher—and manager and ticket-taker—for Anderson in the old Indiana State League when it was fashionable for catchers to have broken, twisted fingers, his digits are still nearly perfect. After Anderson got kicked out of the league, he got the chance to do the same chores for the Columbus (Ohio) club. He helped organize the American Association and attracted the attention of Ball by developing young players and selling them to the big leagues.

RETIRING now to develop a farm system for the Braves, Quinn takes nothing with him except memories. "Most of the money I've made in baseball I've put back into the game," he said. "And if somebody has benefited it is all right with me." Closest he ever came to having a club in the World Series was in 1922 when the Browns led the American League race for 69 consecutive days and then lost out by one game to the Yankees.

Bob gets a great deal of satisfaction out of the careers chosen by his two sons. John, after serving his apprenticeship with the Red Sox and Braves, succeeds his father as general manager of Boston's entry in the National League. Bob Jr. entered the priesthood as a member of the Dominican Order and at one time was athletic director of Providence College in Rhode Island.

Quinn has so many friends among the clergy that he takes a good deal of kidding about it. For instance, once Lefty Gomez was asked by a sportswriter why he couldn't win for the Braves. He said that the sun in Boston dazzled him.

"Don't be silly, Lefty," said the writer. "You don't pitch into the sun at Braves Field."

"I know," Lefty said, "but it was reflected off the Roman collars back of home plate."

Sports Service Record

Lt. Col. Richard E. (Dick) Hanley, USMC, former Northwestern coach, has signed to coach the Chicago club of the All-American Football Conference after the war. **Maj. Ernie Nevers,** USMC, will assist him. . . . **Maj. Steven V. (Steve) Hamas,** former Penn State star who is now assigned to Mitchel Field, N. Y., after a year of overseas duty in England, says that **Sgt. Tutt Tabor,** an airman who fought an exhibition with Freddie Mills, the English fighter, "so overshadowed the Englishman that it was pitiful." . . . **Max Macon,** ex-Dodger and Braves pitcher, outfielder and first baseman, and **Aaron Perry,** promising Washington lightweight, are at Fort McClellan, Ala. . . . **Lt. Clark Hinkle,** ex-Green Bay Packers fullback, is the damage-control officer aboard a newly commissioned vessel manned by the Coast Guard. . . . **Ex-Sgt. Barney Ross** of the Marines is publishing a book, "I'm a Lucky Guy," describing his ring career and his experiences in the Marines. . . . **Henry Armstrong,** ex-triple-crown holder, and **Kenny Washington,** ex-UCLA star, are going overseas for the USO.

Rejected: **Harry Feldman,** New York Giants pitcher; **Allie Reynolds,** Cleveland Indians pitcher, and **Bobby Stephens,** Tennessee's star back of 1944. . . . *Inducted:* **Lamar (Skeeter) Newsome,** Red Sox infielder; **Billy Paschal,** New York Giants back who led the National Pro Football League in ground gaining last season, and **Tony Lupien,** Phillies first baseman. . . . *Promoted:* **Earl Johnson,** Red Sox pitcher, to lieutenant via battlefield commission after being awarded Bronze Star for meritorious service on the Western Front. . . . *Missing in Action:* **Lt. Al Blozis,** former Georgetown and New York Giants tackle, in Europe. . . . *Transferred:* **Sgt. Enos Slaughter** and **Pfc. Howie Pollet,** ex-St. Louis Cardinals stars, to Kearns AAF, Utah. . . . *Decorated:* **Capt. LaVerne Wagner,** former Marquette halfback, with Bronze Star "for his outstanding leadership during the battles of Saipan and Tinian"; **Lt. James Rush,** ex-Purdue end, Silver Star for bravery in action on European Front. . . . *Wounded:* **Albert (Skippy) Roberge,** ex-Braves second baseman, in Germany.

Pvt. Johnny Goodman, former U. S. Open champion from Omaha, Nebr., sinks a long putt in Inter-Allied Tournament at New Delhi, India. Goodman won his match, but Yanks lost 8 to 4.

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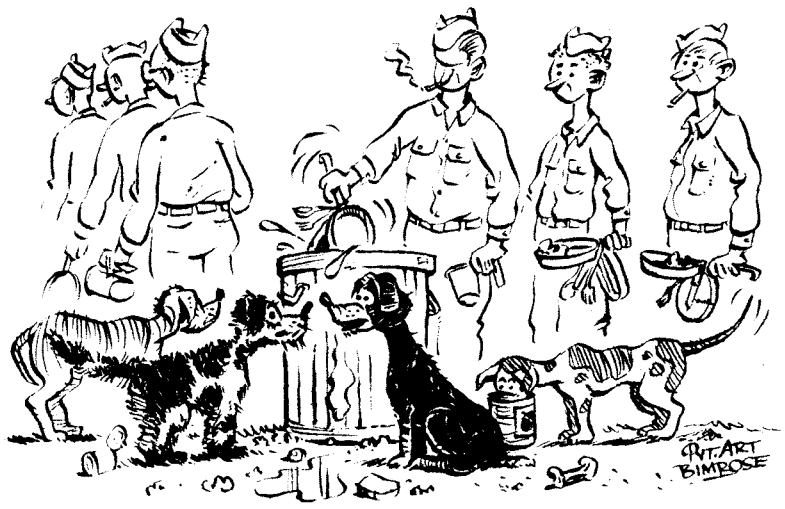
"YOU'RE ONLY OVERSEAS 19 MONTHS? WHAT'S IT LIKE BACK IN THE STATES?"
—Sgt. Charles Pearson

"LET'S LET THE SIDEWALK GO THIS MORNING, BOYS, AND GET STARTED ON A DITCH."
—Pfc. Thomas Flannery



"I'M GETTING A LITTLE TIRED OF SPAM, AREN'T YOU?"
—Pvt. Art Bimrose

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"THEY CALL HIM RADAR. HE'LL PICK UP ANYTHING."
—Sgt. Tom Zibelli

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